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AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D., Editor.

Rev. JOHN B. DEVINS, Associate Editor.

• MEMORIAL NUMBER. •

A TRIBUTE TO
CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D.,

LATE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS,
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Founder of Christian Thought, and its Editor
for Ten Years.

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5. Speech and Silence.—St. Matt. viii., 4.
6. The Spirits of Just Men Made Perfect.—Heb. xii., 23.
7. The Questionings of Old Friends.—Exodus xviii., 7.
8. The invitation to Church.—Num. x., 29.
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Affectionately & faithfully
Yours Charles F. Deems

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

A SALUTATION.

READERS of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT will notice on the title page of this magazine that the name which has been first for so many years, the honored and well-beloved name of the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, has disappeared, and that another has taken its place. In the order of nature such changes are imperative. No one man ever lives very long, or is permitted to see very much of the result of the work which he does. All our lives reach farther than our poor human sight can follow them. Dr. Deems's name disappears as the President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy and as Editor of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT. At the unanimous request of the Executive Committee and of the Board of Trustees, meeting in united session, I have consented, for a little time at least and so far as I am able, to take up the work which Dr. Deems has laid down. I cannot fail to recognize that in a certain sense there is a fitness in the selection. Of course I speak altogether apart from any personal qualification; for of the lack of that I am painfully conscious. But the first suggestion of the Institute of Christian Philosophy was made in a conversation between Dr. Deems and myself. For the first few years we divided the responsibility, he, of course, doing the greater amount of work and adding the inspiration of his honored name. During the succeeding years we have been constantly associated in the directorate of the Institute. At the very first he said to me: "I will undertake this labor if you will help me." As well as I could I have endeavored to fulfil the promise then made, and now though he is no longer with us his voice seem to add its weight to the expressed wish of the Trustees and the Executive Committee that I should take up the work. I do so only until a man better fitted to represent

the philosophic and Christian thought of our time may be chosen. Such men there are, and such an one I doubt not in due time will be found. Until then I ask the sympathy and cooperation of all interested in the cause which Dr. Deems has done so much to promote, and which is now known throughout the land and the world as The American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

The first President of this Institute was in every way a most remarkable man. Circumstances made him a preacher rather than a philosopher, but he was always a preacher who recognized the need of a philosophic basis for theology and ethics; a man who well understood the value of a true apologetic literature; who fully appreciated our indebtedness to the past, and whose eyes were always open toward the future. A strong, earnest philosophic thinker, with the gift of putting his thought into felicitous expression, Dr. Deems has left an influence which will grow stronger and more vital for many years to come. His ministry in the Church of the Strangers was far larger than was indicated by the size of the congregations which gathered to hear him preach, for in that church he spoke to people gathered from all parts of the Union. His message of hope and brotherhood, and his constant appeal for a thoughtful and rational presentation of truth probably reached more men in the South than that of any other Northern preacher. Dr. Deems has left no eminent contribution to literature or philosophy, but he has been the friend, the sympathizer and the helper of those who had time for more quiet study than his busy life allowed. He has inspired many students with a passion for truth, and opened many doors which without him would have remained for a long time closed. If he has not had time to be a philosopher, he has somehow found time for the more difficult work of making philosophers. The American Institute of Christian Philosophy has never attracted the attention of the multitude—such quiet work never attracts large attention—but it has accomplished results out of all proportion to what it has been. It has carried real “Christian thought” to thousands of eager thinkers who would otherwise have been without it; it has furnished a true apologetic literature to many both at home and abroad who were most in need of it; it has done

much in quarters where its value has not been understood to give to the Christian truth of our time a rational presentation. Dr. Deems has done more than all the rest of the Institute combined to realize these results. His place no one can fill. But the conditions are different now from what they were when he accepted this Presidency, and possibly others can now take it up and perform with equal success the duties which the changed conditions of the changing times demand. Whatever may be the future of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, it will always be inseparably associated with the name and memory of Charles F. Deems ; and whatever modifications may be made necessary in the new times which are before us, nothing can take from the world the influences which he has started and which will never cease to be a blessing. If I had been asked to take up and continue the service which Dr. Deems has rendered to this cause, I should have instantly declined, knowing that to be impossible. As one who stood in relation to him almost as a son, who honored him as a father, who rejoiced in his work and is grateful for his influence and inspiration, it is my pleasure to undertake for a little time the labor of preserving what he has accomplished, until abler hands may assume the responsibilities of this office and win new victories for the truth to be laid at the feet of Him who is "The Way, the Truth and the Life."

It remains for me to make a very pleasing acknowledgment. It would be impossible for me at the present time to discharge the other duties which are laid upon me and also edit this magazine, if I were not assured of the cordial co-operation of the Rev. John B. Devins, who has had upon his shoulders the entire responsibility of the editorship of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT during the illness of Dr. Deems. Mr. Devins's editorial accomplishments are well known, and his fidelity and ability have been abundantly proven. I beg the readers of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT to ascribe to his editorial instinct and critical eye by far the largest part of whatever excellence this magazine may have in the future. With the responsibilities of a large and difficult city work on his hands, and with duties in connection with one of the leading New York dailies, it is a wonder to his friends how he

has found time to do such valuable work as he has done in connection with CHRISTIAN THOUGHT; and it gives me great pleasure to be able to announce that in the future, as in the past, he will continue his connection with this magazine.

AMORY H. BRADFORD.

UNVEILED VISION.

Back of the dawn with its mystical beauty,
 Back of the wonder of sunlight and star,
 Back of all mysteries haunting earth's pilgrimage,
 Back of all problems that baffle and bar !

Out in the splendor of limitless being !
 Thrilled with possession of limitless powers !
 Cycle on cycle before him far sweeping,
 Grand for achievement unfettered by hours !

One with Life's Centre ! Beholding the secret
 That hides in the atom and breathes from the rose—
 The subtle vibrations 'twixt matter and spirit
 Which no lens of science can ever disclose !

Gazing on Him ! Face to face with the Master !
 The Lord of Creation ! The Lamb that was slain !
 Clasp the hand that fashioned the Universe !
 Kissing the nail-prints that solaced its pain !

Gazing on Jesus—his soul's deepest passion !
 Source of all beauty, all sweetness, all power !
 The glories he sang of Him, spake of Him, dreamed of Him,
 Verified now in this transcendent hour !

Oh, rapturous moment of unveilèd vision !
 Oh, joy of the faith the world cannot disprove !—
 The faith that "holds out"—through darkest clouds singing—
 The key to the problems of all realms is Love !

JULIA G. SKINNER.

CHARLES FORCE DEEMS.

BY THE REV. JOHN B. DEVINS OF NEW YORK.

A SKETCH OF HIS VARIED AND USEFUL CAREER.

Scores of men whom he has helped in their ministry, instilling into their lives something of the variety of his attainments, the sweetness of his nature and the nobility of his character, have paid public tribute to the life and services of the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., the gifted preacher, the faithful pastor, the stranger's friend. Though a member of no denomination, he was the friend of all religious bodies, and now that he has laid down his work all men unite in honoring his memory. This was not delayed until his death, however. Frequently after he had shown what a stranger could accomplish for strangers in New York, he became the recipient of many appreciative letters from men high in public life, as well as the dwellers in humble tenement homes, telling of the personal help which had been received from him. Happy is the pastor who has made the day brighter for one individual; far more happy still is he who has the faculty of making all with whom he comes in contact carry more easily the burdens assigned to them. In nearly every newspaper, secular and religious, throughout the land, kindly editorial mention has been made of the debt which Christendom owes Dr. Deems. Of few public men could it be said more truly :

None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

Born in Baltimore on December 4, 1820, Dr. Deems spent nearly forty-five years in Southern States; the last twenty-eight years were lived in this city. He believed in the cause for which the South contended sufficiently to give his influence and his eldest son in its service, and his early affection for the Southland did not cool when he accepted the issue in 1865 and threw all the force of his mature manhood into the work of reconstruction. The South has had no more ardent friend than Dr. Deems; the National Government has had no more loyal supporter than he. If he was first in war, he was also first in peace.

Dr. Deems received a careful training at an early age from his father, the Rev. George W. Deems, who was a Methodist clergyman, and from his mother (Mary Roberts), who, upon his birth, dedicated him to the ministry; his grandfather was a minister and a son is now. He was converted when a child and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) in July, 1834. When he was fifteen years old he went to Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Penn., intending to study for the ministry. In 1839 he was graduated with honors from that institution, having been licensed to preach in his senior year. In 1842 the college gave him the degree of A M. Having spent the winter of 1840 in New York, he preached with much acceptance in several city churches. He was appointed general agent for the American Bible Society at that time, and he selected North Carolina as his field of labor. In 1842, when he was only twenty-two years old, he became professor of logic and rhetoric in the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, N. C., and began his work there in January, 1843.

The same year, when on a visit to New York, Dr. Deems met Miss Anna Disosway, of this State, under romantic circumstances, and they were married by the Rev. Mr. Owen, at Asbury, N. J., on June 20, 1843. Mr. Verdery, their son-in-law, declared recently that to his wife Dr. Deems was "courtly knight and loyal lover down to their golden wedding day." After forty-nine years of married life, Dr. Deems obtained a newspaper prize for the best essay on "How to Manage a Wife." As the recipe was supposed by his friends to be a leaf from his own experience the essay is given entire :

"Manage? What is that? Does it mean to control? We manage a horse. We use our superior human intellect to control and guide his superior physical strength so as to obtain the best results. But a wife is not a horse. When two persons are well married the wife is as superior to her husband in many respects as he is superior to her in others. If happiness is to be the result of the union the first business of the husband is to manage himself so as to keep himself always the wife's respectful friend, always her tender lover, always her equal partner, always her superior protector. This will necessarily stimulate his wife

to be always his admiring friend, always his affectionate sweetheart, always his thrifty housewife, always his confiding ward. And this will so react upon the husband that his love for his wife will grow so as to make it easy for him, with all his faults, to bear with all the infirmities of his 'one and only' wife."

Dr. Deems remained in the University of North Carolina for five years, and in 1848 he accepted the chair of natural science in Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland, Va. After a year he returned to North Carolina, and was stationed in a Methodist Church at Newberne. In 1850 he was elected delegate to the General Conference held at St. Louis. While this was in session he was called to the presidency of the Greensboro Female College in North Carolina. Here he remained for five years and won the warmest encomiums from the friends of education in the South. During this period he rendered a very important service to the Conference and the Church by placing the college on a permanent basis of prosperity. Randolph-Macon College gave him the degree of D.D. in 1852. His degree of LL.D. was conferred in 1877 by the University of North Carolina.

In 1854 Dr. Deems again returned to the ministry and was a member of the General Conference that year and again in 1858; twice the Episcopate was offered to him. After preaching at Goldsboro and Wilmington he was elected, in 1858, president of the Centenary College in Louisiana, and either president or professor of eight other institutions in a short time. Two years later he spent six months in Europe, visiting its principal cities and institutions. He landed in this city the day following Abraham Lincoln's election as President, and noticing the bulletins in front of a newspaper office, and appreciating the situation, he hastened to his home in the South and made preparations for the Civil War, which he foresaw. Shortly afterwards the professorship of history in the University of North Carolina was offered to him, but he declined it. The citizens of Wilson County, N. C., offered him directly, as a gift, a fine college-building, only on condition that he would establish there a school for boys and girls. He accepted the offer and organized the school, continuing in the position of presiding elder. In the discussion which brought on the war, Dr. Deems vigorously opposed the secession of his

State; but when North Carolina seceded, after Virginia had withdrawn from the Union, he was loyal to the Government which had been established, and Gen. Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis found in him a warm supporter.

After the war, when all his possessions had been swept away, Dr. Deems came to this city, reaching here in December, 1865. What seemed a calamity proved a blessing to himself and the city, as it broadened his field of usefulness and brought thousands under his influence who would never have known him had he remained in the South. Dr. Deems's first venture in New York was in journalism, for which he had a strong taste all his life. He hoped by that means to promote union and good fellowship between the North and the South. He was much straitened in circumstances, and was obliged to seek the shelter and warmth of a neighboring billiard saloon for a study, and there amid the click of the balls he wrote upon his knee most of the articles for his journal, *The Watchman*, which was issued weekly as a religious and literary journal. The editor aimed at both a Northern and Southern circulation, hoping in this way to provide for his family and help to establish a feeling of mutual confidence in both the North and the South. But he was disappointed in this venture. It was too near the stormy days. Not succeeding according to his expectation, he left this at the end of the year, and from that time became identified with the Church of the Strangers.

Mrs. Frerichs, who heard Dr. Deems preach in Jersey City, made him promise that he would preach a few times in New York; so he hired the small chapel of the University of the City of New York for one month for \$25 and became personally responsible for the rent. The first sermon was preached on July 22, 1866, fifteen persons, including five from the preacher's family, comprising the congregation. On the third Sunday he announced that the services would terminate the following Sunday. A gentleman proposed that a collection be taken every Sunday to defray expenses, and Dr. Deems was urged to remain. The congregation soon filled the little chapel, and the following year Dr. Deems was glad to move to the larger chapel of the University. An executive committee of gentlemen of different denomi-

nations was formed, and a resolution was passed to continue to keep "The Strangers' Sunday Home" open for public worship. Just before the congregation moved into the larger chapel Dr. Deems was elected president of two colleges, one in California and the other in Georgia, but his people begged him to stay with them, and he consented to remain where he was and declined both presidencies. On the first Sunday of January, 1868, a resolution to organize a "free and independent" church was adopted, and thirty-two persons enrolled themselves and formed "The Church of the Strangers." The Apostles' Creed was incorporated into the ritual. In an anniversary sermon delivered by Dr. Deems in 1871 he mentioned some of the discouragements which attended the enterprise. He said:

"Still there were great drawbacks to our work. We were up three flights of stairs, in a chapel, from which we might be ejected at the close of the year. We were afloat. Men do not like to make an attachment to an unsettled enterprise. We had no committee, no room, no Sunday-school, no place for social prayer without heating up that large chapel. While devoting myself to the pastoral work of a parish circle twelve miles in diameter, many weary hours were spent in asking whereunto all this would lead, and whether it would not end in a failure. God only knows the heart-throbs that would have been spared, but which doubtless were necessary for discipline, if we could have foreseen what was in store for us."

Among those who went to hear him in the University Chapel were Horace Greeley, the Editor of the *Tribune*, and his friends, the Cary sisters. In a short time he compiled a hymn book with the assistance of Miss Phœbe Cary. The funeral of Miss Alice Cary took place in the Church of the Strangers. Daniel Drew was also a frequent listener to the preaching for strangers. Others frequently in attendance at these chapel services were Mrs. Crawford and her daughter, of Mobile, who were visiting New York, and became interested in Dr. Deems as a clergyman of their own denomination. Miss Crawford in 1869 became the wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt, better known as Commodore Vanderbilt. When a young man Mr. Vanderbilt had received favors from the father of Mr. Deems and he

had met Dr Deems in 1860. This combination of circumstances, and the late acquaintanceship and a new wife led the Commodore to regard the work for the strangers with favor. He admired the breadth of the new religious society and believed in the orthodoxy of its pastor.

In 1870, through the liberality of Commodore Vanderbilt, who purchased the property of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church for \$50,000 and gave it to Dr. Deems for the use of his congregation, the Church of the Strangers had a building of its own. The gift was joyfully accepted, the necessary repairs were made, Dr. Deems undertaking the responsibility of the outlay, and the church was opened for service on the first Sunday in October in 1870. In the sermon already quoted Dr. Deems explained the proprietorship of the church as follows:

“There is one mistaken opinion afloat which we are happy to be able to set right. It has been said that as Commodore Vanderbilt has settled this property upon Dr. Deems for the term of his natural life, when he dies the church will go to the Commodore’s heirs. This is not so. Nine trustees, duly elected according to the laws of New York, became residuary trustees; and they and their successors are to keep this property in trust, so that there shall be a free church for strangers in New York forever. It can never revert. It was not only a free but a full gift.”

Dr. J. M. Buckley, who knew Dr. Deems intimately during his entire residence in this city and delivered the funeral oration, writes this of his relation with Commodore Vanderbilt: “He formed a strong friendship with the Commodore, aided Bishop McTyeire in connection with the establishment of Vanderbilt University, and during the Commodore’s long illness conversed with him freely on the subject of personal religion. The life of the aged man having been worldly and successful in equal degrees, his efforts to find a hope of heaven were as pathetic as Dr. Deems’s efforts to guide him were simple and sincere. It is impossible for human beings to estimate the result, but the Commodore, to whom he had endeavored to impart spiritual things, communicated unto him in carnal things by leaving him a bequest of \$ 20,000.”

The Church of the Strangers was Dr. Deems's greatest mission in life. For twenty-eight years he ministered to his independent flock, and the church which started in the little chapel with fifteen people for a congregation grew under his ministrations until the building, which seats 1250, was for years filled with people Sunday after Sunday. The seats are all free, the support of the church being derived from collections at the services, from the voluntary subscriptions of members and from gifts. There is a flourishing Sunday-school, an active young people's Society of Christian Endeavor, and a missionary society which supports a missionary and his wife in China, a society of ladies called "The Sisters of the Stranger," of which Mrs. Deems is president, which ministers to the wants of poor strangers in the city, and in a quiet way accomplishes much good.

At a monthly meeting of the Church of the Strangers, in November, 1886, a resolution was carried, providing for the appointment of a committee to prepare a Church History. The result of this resolution was the writing of a book by Mr. Joseph S. Taylor, Mr. Marion J. Verdery and Miss Cecile Sturtevant, called "A Romance of Providence." The book traces the rise and growth of the church from the beginning to the year 1887, under the guidance of Dr. Deems, and tells in itself a remarkable story of how the church met and overcame seeming impossibilities. In October, 1887, Thanksgiving services were held in commemoration of the close of twenty-one years' life of the Church of the Strangers under Dr. Deems. The church was packed with people, and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Armitage, the Rev. Dr. MacCracken, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, Archdeacon Mackay-Smith, the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, Rabbi Gottheil and many others, thus showing the great respect in which Dr. Deems was held by the representatives of the various religious denominations in New York City. Letters were received from scores of prominent clergymen expressing their good will and esteem.

In addition to his pastoral duties, Dr. Deems has been an indefatigable worker. He has been in demand as a public speaker more than the majority of city clergymen even, and he has had

a larger number of lecture engagements, winter and summer alike. When not preaching in his own pulpit, he has helped his brother ministers. He has also written many volumes, among them being: "Triumph of Peace, and Other Poems" (New York, 1840), "Life of Adam Clarke, LL.D." (1840), "Devotional Melodies" (Raleigh, N. C., 1842), "Twelve College Sermons" (Philadelphia, 1844), "The Home Altar" (New York, 1853, Ed. 1881), "What Now?" (New York, 1853), "Forty Sermons Preached in the Church of the Strangers" (1871), "Jesus" (1872), new edition with title "The Light of the Nations" (1880), "Weights and Wings" (1872, new edition 1878), "Sermons" (1885); "The Gospel of Common Sense" and "The Gospel of Spiritual Insight," published within a few years, were studies on the Epistle of James and the Gospel of John; "My Septuagint," published in 1892, contains articles written after he was seventy years old; "Chips and Chunks for every Fireside" (New York), "Sunshine for Dark Hours," "Story of a Church Bonnet," "Evolution: A Scotch Verdict." With Phœbe Cary, he edited "Hymns for all Christians" (New York, 1869, new edition 1881), with Theodore E. Perkins, "Coronation Hymns and Songs, for Prayer and Praise Meetings" (New York, 1879).

From 1846 to 1851 Dr. Deems edited *The Southern Methodist Episcopal Pulpit*, and from 1849 to 1859 was also editor of *The Annals of Southern Methodism*. From 1876 to 1879 *The Sunday Magazine*, published by Frank Leslie, was edited by him, and since 1882, CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, the organ of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which he was the principal founder. Since 1876 he had been a member of the Council of the University of the City of New York, and had established a fund to help worthy students there as he had formerly done in the University of North Carolina.

At the Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy last July, three separate accounts were given of its origin. It seemed to have a providential birth, three men at least having similar ideas of the need of such an organization, all agreeing that one could be carried on in this city. The Rev. Edward M. Deems, who filled the pulpit of the Church of the Strangers so acceptably during his father's absence in Europe in 1880, had this to say about the beginning of the organization:

"My father was sent away by his people in 1880 for rest in Egypt and Palestine. On his way home he attended, in London, a meeting of the Victoria Institute. It being learned that an American clergyman was present, he was called upon to take part in the discussion. With his usual enthusiasm he flung himself with his whole soul into the occasion, and made an address which was reported in both the British and American papers.

"In that way he became acquainted with the Victoria Institute, which gave him the idea of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. The two institutions are similar. They have for their object the creating of a literature which is calculated to be an antidote to the agnosticism, materialism and other forms of false philosophy of our age; and this literature is created by lectures delivered during the winter season, in the city of New York in the case of the American Institute, and in London in the case of the Victoria Institute. But the idea was gotten by my father from the Victoria Institute. He said: 'We must have a similar institution in America sooner or later, and why not now?'

"As you know, the pastor of the Church of the Strangers is an eminently practical man, so he brought his new idea to America, and he fired two other men with his enthusiasm, one of whom was the Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., who put his brains and heart into the work with my father's brains and heart; and the other was Mr. William O. McDowell, of Newark, N. J., who assisted with his brains, heart and pocket-book; and these are the parents of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. Usually a child has two parents, but this one had three: Dr. Deems, Dr. Bradford and Mr. McDowell. The first meeting was held at Greenwood Lake, N. J., in the summer of 1880."

The growth of the Institute since 1880 has been steady, and its successful history is an additional proof of the untiring energy of its first and only president during his life. Dr. Deems believed in it heartily and worked for it unceasingly. He was very anxious that before his death the Endowment Fund, which is now \$15,000, should be doubled, and so late as last July he signed with his half-paralyzed hand the following letter:

DEAR FRIEND :—The American Institute of Christian Philosophy is on a firmer basis to-day than ever before ; the principles for which it stands need stronger defence than at any previous period of our history as a nation. Much aggressive work has already been done, and more must be done in the immediate future. We have some 600 members, a prosperous magazine, CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, and an Endowment Fund of \$15,000, carefully invested. If this Fund could be doubled within a year, the future of the Institute would be assured. We need :

Six Lectureships, of \$1000 each.....	\$6,000
Six Patrons to give \$500 each.....	3,000
Sixty Endowment Members to give \$100 each.....	6,000
	\$15,000

The Rev. John B. Devins, the Corresponding Secretary of the Institute, is authorized by me to receive subscriptions for the Fund.

Very sincerely,

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

For years Dr. Deems bore the burden of the magazine largely on his own shoulders. Within a few years the debt was paid, and there are now some 450 paying members, and 150 men and women who have become life members. Would that the wish of Dr. Deems for an increased endowment could be fulfilled this winter.

Besides his clerical, educational and literary duties, Dr. Deems found time to exhibit a great deal of interest in moral and philanthropic subjects. The Christian Endeavor Society found in him an enthusiastic friend. He was at heart and in practice a prohibitionist, but so broad were his sympathies that he could preside at a meeting to which he had invited men with such extreme views as Gen. Neal Dow and Dr. Howard Crosby. He said to the writer that much as he prayed for the day to come when total abstinence should be universal, he had never preached a sermon on Prohibition in his church since it had become a political issue. His pen and his voice were active, however, in behalf of temperance outside of the pulpit, and when seventy years old he spoke night after night on platforms and trucks in the Prohibition campaign.

One of the most noticeable features of Dr. Deems's many-sided

life was his punctuality. An interesting story illustrating this is as follows: When the Franklin statue, in front of the *Tribune* building, was to be unveiled, Dr. Deems was invited to offer the prayer. He was working in his study up-town with his watch before him, and when the time came for him to start, he went out and entered a car. But the car was delayed on the way down, and while calculating the time lost by that, he learned that his watch was a minute or two slow. To make bad worse, when he eventually got near the City Hall, he found Broadway and the side streets, as far down as the Astor House, packed by a dense crowd, and got a policeman to force a passage for him through Spruce Street to the door of the *Tribune* office, where the gentlemen who were to take part in the ceremony were to meet. Meanwhile, within the office, it being but two minutes to twelve o'clock, the appointed hour for beginning, one of the gentlemen said: "We are all here but Dr. Deems; shall we wait for him?" Mr. Greeley replied: "Dr. Deems lives up-town, he may have been delayed." Dr. Prime, who knew Dr. Deems's punctuality, added: "There are still two minutes to twelve, and by that time either Dr. Deems will be here or we shall have to send for the coroner." The absentee was then outside pushing his way hurriedly up Spruce Street, and as he mounted the office steps and laid his hand on the door handle, he saw through the glass in the door that the two hands of the clock were together upon twelve. The next instant he stepped inside and the first stroke of the hour sounded.

Dr. Deems leaves besides his widow, two daughters and two sons. Two children died, one an infant, and the other a lieutenant in the Confederate Army, who was fatally wounded at Gettysburg in 1863. One son, the Rev. Dr. Edward M. Deems, is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Hornellsville, N. Y. The other son, Dr. Frank M. Deems is a physician in New York City. One daughter is the wife of the Rev. Dr. J. P. Egbert, of St. Paul, Minn., and the other is the wife of Marion J. Verdery, a broker, at whose charming home, in this city, he spent the last months of his varied, useful and eventful life.

DR. DEEMS ON DR. CROSBY.

The following poem, written by Dr. Deems in 1891, on the death of his friend, Dr. Howard Crosby, describes so admirably the characteristics of the author himself that it is given a place in this Memorial number:

It is not true, dear friend, it is not true
What the great English senator hath said,
"The age of chivalry is past." For you
Have shown the saying false.

Who calls thee dead?
"Dead?" As a knight is, when he doth but lay
Aside his armor with the battle won;
Dead as a knight is, who has gone away,
In better mail, beneath another sun,
To urge far fiercer battles in the fray
'Twixt Right and Wrong, where thou can'st clearly see
The lines which often in the mortal day
Were hidden in smoke of struggle. We
Think only of thy palpitating soul
That longed to strike the tyrant down and see
The weak uplifted and the sick made whole.
The King hath touched thy shoulder with His sword
Again, Sir Knight, and bidden thee once more rise.
And thou hast hearkened to thy great War-Lord.

Go up, go up unto thy well-won skies,
While we stay here and think and talk of thee,
Until we, too, shall have our summons hence,
So by thy name make men love chivalry
And dare do right without mean thought of consequence.

FUNERAL OF DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS.

The Church of the Strangers Crowded—Dr. Buckley,
Rev. Mr. Hodson, Dr. Sabine and Dr. Bradford
take Part—The Masonic Service.

The funeral of the beloved pastor of the Church of the Strangers took place on November 21st, in the church where his eloquence had been so often heard, and in which so many helpful discourses and so many kind words had fallen from his lips. The body lay in state for two hours before the services, and thousands of men, women and children passed in front of the pulpit to take a farewell look at the face which they had loved so well. The coffin was covered with rich black cloth, but was plainly ornamented. Around it were many elaborate and costly floral tributes. The members of the family present were : Mrs. Deems, for more than fifty years companion of Dr. Deems ; their two sons, the Rev. Dr. Edward M. Deems, of Hornellsville, N. Y., with his wife; Dr. Frank M. Deems, of this city, with his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Marion J. Verdery, of this city, a daughter and son-in-law, and five of the eleven surviving grandchildren of Dr. Deems. The other daughter, the wife of the Rev. John P. Egbert, of St. Paul, Minn., was not able to attend the funeral.

The pall-bearers were : Dr. George W. Clarke, Jacob R. Reed, Robert L. Crawford, S. B. Downes, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John H. Inman, Dr. Andrew H. Smith, J. J. Little, William P. St. John and Theodore H. Price. In the audience were representatives of three Masonic Commanderies with which Dr. Deems had been connected. The American Institute of Christian Philosophy, the Council of the University of the City of New York, the Congregational Club, the Southern Society, and other societies and institutions which Dr. Deems had graced with his presence and aided with his influence, had many representatives present. On the platform were the Rev. Joseph Merlin Hodson, acting pastor of the church, who had charge of the services ; the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, who delivered the eulogy; the Rev. Dr. Wm. T. Sabine, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who offered the prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, who pronounced the benediction.

PRAYER BY W. T. SABINE, D.D.

After various musical selections by the choir, the Rev. Wm. T. Sabine was called upon to offer prayer, which he did as follows :

O Thou, in whom we live and move and have our being, and by whose mercy we are spared from day to day, Thou orderest our coming; Thou appointest the time of our departure; Thou assignest to us our work. We recognize Thy gracious care, Thy sovereign direction in the ways of life, and we gather here to-day, as under the shadow of a great grief, a cloud of sorrow resting on our hearts. In Thy wise, merciful and gracious Providence, it has pleased Thee to remove the loved pastor, the dear father, the tender and sympathizing friend, the wise teacher, the good example. We bow before Thee in submission. "Father, not our will, but thine be done." And yet, our Father, we come with the language of joy and thanksgiving on our lips, for even here, in the very presence of death, here with the grave opening before us, we stand to say with Thy servant of old "Thanks be to God which giveth us—which hath given him—the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." We are here to thank Thee for this life of love, devotion, tenderness and its achievements. We are here, as we look back down the vista of the years, to bless Thee that in Thy grace and providence Thou didst long ago call him to "the knowledge of thy grace and faith in thee"; that Thou didst lead him on through the paths of youth to maturity; that counting him faithful, Thou didst put him into this so blessed and useful ministry. We are here to thank Thee for this heart that has beat so truly and tenderly; for this hand that has ever been ready in its ministry of love; for these feet which have hastened so gladly and usefully in the ways of the Lord. We are here to thank Thee for the loving and genial smile, and that personal attractiveness of manner which did so much to commend to us and many others, who would gladly be with us here to-day, the excellency of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are here to praise Thee that so long in this pulpit, and within these walls; for so many years, in the great city in which he dwelt he has been permitted to lift up his voice in faithful testimony to "the truth

as it is in Jesus." We bless Thee that here he never failed to declare Christ crucified ; and was ever loyal to the truth, to the Great Teacher and His written Word ; that here from his lips have sounded forth so clearly and sweetly the message of that grace and love, O Christ, which is in Thee ! For all he was permitted to accomplish with a pen so facile, and the testimony to Thy truth he was enabled to bear in this and in other places by the printed page, we bless Thy name. We adore Thee also that in Thy good providence he passed away in a loved home, ministered to by the tender and sympathetic affection of those most dear to him, while his last days were filled with such sweet evidence of trust and of unfaltering confidence in Thee. For him we have but the thought of faith, the word of love and gratitude. We think of him to-day as passed into the great company of the redeemed, where there is no more sorrow, nor any more tears, and where from the lips of the dear Master Himself he hears the word of welcoming, " Enter, thou, into the joy of thy Lord ! "

But we cannot forget the loss that we sustain, and earnestly do we entreat Thee, heavenly Father, for all the causes in which his loving heart was so much interested. For every institution which he originated, for every cause which enlisted his endeavor, every circle with which he was identified, we pray, now and here, Thy blessing. To these causes, institutions, circles, there has come, we keenly feel, a great and very real loss. Ah, Divine Master, how shall his place be filled for us—for them ? Thou knowest in Thy grace and power. We pray for each of them according to the need. Give them all good prosperity. Give them all uplift and ongoing. Strengthen them each one as Thou only canst. We think of this congregation, his dear people, among whom he has gone in and out, across whose thresholds he has so often stepped ; to whom he has so long and lovingly and wisely ministered the Word of life ; whose children he has blessed, many of whose hands he has joined in the sacred ties of marriage and over whose dead he has spoken the last sad, yet helpful and hopeful, words of loving ministry. We think of all these hearts and homes, of the dark bereavement that has come to them now, and we pray Thy benediction to rest upon them. Oh, God, our God, the great Head of the Church, remember this congregation in Thy spe-

cial love and favor ! Give to each member of it now Thy grace, and as thou hast taken away the dear, the trusted, the loved and honored pastor, and be to them all that he would have Thee be to them. Come Thou and give them grace for every need. Remember the children of these schools, to whose simple touching song we have just listened ; and who were so dear to him, to whom his heart went out so freely, and his gentle counsels were so wisely given. May they "grew up in the nurture and admonition of his Lord." Let Thy peculiar blessing rest upon Thy servants, the heads and chosen office-bearers of this church, and, in the trying circumstances in which, by Thy providence they are now placed give them abundant wisdom, succor and support.

We think, Lord, of that shadowed home. Thou hast taught us to "weep with those that weep." Ah, we know something of the sorrow that is there for the father and the husband gone. We take these dear ones, our gracious, tender Lord—we take them in the arms of our supplication now, and lift them to Thy throne of grace. Oh, Jesus, Thou who canst be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, Thou who wast tried and tempted like as we are, Thou who couldst weep at the grave of Lazarus, couldst speak that word of grace and power to sorrowing ones at Bethany, "I am the resurrection and the life," come now as never Thou didst come before, in intensity, and grace and power to this shadowed home. Thou hast promised to be the father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow—oh, verify that promise to-day to these grief-stricken children! Be with us also who shall bear forth to its last earthly resting place the body of the departed pastor, father, friend; and when we shall return, and there shall seem to be a sad vacancy in the church, in the home, in the heart—blessed Jesus, come Thou near, be more and better than ever to us. Now bless us all. Surely this solemn service for us all, pastors, relatives, members of this congregation, friends of our departed friend—surely this solemn hour has its voice for each one of us! Help us to turn to Thee a listening ear; help us to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." May the example of Thy servant be with each one a living memory and force, and as he trod the path of life eternal, as he lifted up the dying Lord, as he sought to lead men to the truth, so may we

follow him as he followed his Master, even Christ. Hear us, for Christ's sake in these our askings, and at last bring us as Thou hast now brought him to that great Assembly and Church of the first born above, whence we, as he, shall go no more out, but offer praise and service to Father, Son and Spirit evermore! Amen.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. JOSEPH MERLIN HODSON.

The Rev. Mr. Hodson spoke as follows:

My acquaintance with Dr. Deems was comparatively limited. I knew him first as we know trees from their fruit; then I knew him as a silent, eloquent invalid. A great many of his congregation have said, "If you had only known Dr. Deems in health," and they have tried to describe him, but with an invariable result—a wish for more words and for better words. Nobody was able to describe him, and yet I feel that now, after months among his people, I do know him, for I have seen him in men and women to whom he had preached, whom he had counselled, who learned to see what he saw, and who grew toward him out of their love for him. From the business world I have often "suffered violence" and been made to think of certain articles advertised, by the incessant repetition of a phrase in magazines and upon advertising spaces. So I was first compelled to think of Dr. Deems because of the unusual love people had for him. They loved him so well, so naturally, in such a trusting, familiar way. The expression most frequently used, one not often used of men, was, as it seems to me, coined not by the intention of those who spoke of him, but by what was in him, as coins are impressed and made in a mint. So many got their own greatest satisfaction in saying, "Oh, he was such a lovable man," I would rather feel like saying that of Jesus our Lord than anything else it would be possible to say. I have asked many persons to tell me about Dr. Deems not by a characterization, but of specific things which he did for them, and of things which he said to them. It is evident that he was singularly gifted in judgment; unusually possessed of common sense; all know he was profound and scholarly, but perhaps not more than others in this great metropolitan city of distinguished men. There was, however, one thing in which he probably excelled nearly all other men. That was in his spirit. He was

spiritually minded. The Holy Spirit taught him as He does others ; but his spirit was finer and nobler, it was broader and kinder than is allowed in almost any other person I ever knew, so that it gave him a uniformity of elevation, a force of kindliness and dignity that is very rare. He was true and good in his inner nature. Goodness is not a product of the will, nor is it a pleasant grace of manner. It is neither a gush of feeling, a shake of the hand, a smooth modulation of the voice, a smile nor any social sweetness.

It is well known that upon one side Dr. Deems touched and won and held the affection of the very rich ; upon the other side even more strongly he entered the heart of the very poor. Anybody had in him enough that was good to enlist the attention of Dr. Deems. He knew the weakness of the "bruised reed" in human nature, and was quick to keep the "smoking flax" from being quenched. There are some good members of the Church of the Strangers to-day whom its pastor found with the flame of good flickering and nearly gone.

It was my privilege to see him often during his affliction. He always produced upon me the effect of a powerful Christian evidence, silent, but luminous, lingering awhile in evidence just where science is pressing on and asking hard questions. He was always so sure, seeing clearly where it is mysterious and dark to many. He stood upon the borderland, and it was always light about him. He did not return from that "bourne whence no traveller has e'er returned," but from the edge of it his eyes were bright, his face lit up and his soul glowing.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling
And the dawn whitened and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near ;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
" This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair ;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air ;

" There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear ;
But stay not, Spirit. Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death ; flee lest he find thee here ?"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
 And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
 Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
 And take my hand and say, "My name is Death" ?

ADDRESS OF JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

Dr. Buckley delivered the following eulogy upon his friend, whom he had known long and intimately:

We are not in the presence of death. Death is the exhalation of vitality, its duration but the fragment of a second. We are in the presence of the dead. Whether Aristotle had ever seen the book of Job no human being knows. But there is a strange suggestive coincidence. Job speaks of death as the King of Terrors ; Aristotle as the terrible of terribles. Poets, and sometimes supposed philosophers, affirm that it is as natural to die as to be born. Why then should death be regarded with abhorrence? Because the life which is known is cut off, and to be or not to be becomes the soliloquy of every one who feels his life tide ebbing away.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Said a British officer dying at home in a time of peace, to his spiritual adviser, "I am not afraid to die ; I have faced it thousands of times, but I am afraid to be dead." "If a man die, shall he live again?"

One question more than others all
 Of thoughtful minds demands reply,
 It is as breathed from star and pall,
 What fate awaits us when we die ?

Atheistic materialism answers the question with a dark, doleful, hollow, damning "Never." Refined Oriental materialism responds, "Man shall live, but only as his atoms are swallowed up in the universe." Still more refined, it declares that he lives, but his spirit is absorbed in the Infinite, and his personality and consciousness forever lost. The new doubters, with a euphonious name, the Agnostics, assert that none can tell. They confess that not even a mocking echo responds to their questions, "What, Where" ?

What is the response of Christianity? "If a man die, shall he live again"? "I am the resurrection and the life ; he that

believeth on me shall never die. Yea, though he die, yet shall he live again." Jesus spake not merely as a seer. He spoke in the language of philosophy. He declared that man as he appears to the eye is a moving tabernacle in which the real man dwells. Upon this He bases the warning that man should not fear man who may kill the body but after that has nothing that he can do. While we give honor to whom honor is due, and fear to whom fear is due, Christianity assures us in the name of Christ that we should fear God supremely, who after He hath killed the body hath power to destroy the soul. How sublimely Jesus answers this question. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." How beautifully Paul speaks of the outward man perishing and the inward being renewed day by day. With what marvellous attractiveness does Peter assure us that God has shown him that he must shortly put off this tabernacle. How impossible it is for a Christian, even in age and feebleness extreme, to confound the tenant with the house, and St. John, in a moment of full recognition of the awful mystery of life, death and futurity, exclaims, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but this we know, that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

The references to the future state in the New Testament are more numerous than some suppose, and in a manner which the superficial do not perceive. "If it were not so," said Jesus, "I would have told you." I would have had no mission to you. For your method of life might have been comprehended in "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Christianity declares that personality exists. Not one reference can be found in the Bible to the future condition of the disciples of Christ without the implication they are the same persons; that they know themselves to be the same; everywhere the references to the future assume the continuity of consciousness. They imply not only the existence of memory, without which consciousness would be

impossible, but the existence of the power of voluntary recollection, without which human beings could not comprehend those things which God has explicitly promised to reveal. When the saints stand upon the sea of glass and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, "who would not fear thee, O God, and worship before thee?" It is because His judgments are made manifest not simply in condemning, but all His ways to men are made manifest. His eternal justice is vindicated. Therefore both dispensations and great multitude from every kindred, tribe and tongue sing unto Him the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The New Testament plainly teaches that there is no place for the mother's sad lament: "My pretty boy will be as dim and meagre as an ague fit, and I shall not know him there." No place for that. Not only is cognition of those whom the redeemed, the spirits of just men made perfect, are to see plainly impressed and always implied, but recognition. Behold the beautiful description of the future assembling of the saints of God, of those that shall be living with Christ. "I would not have you be ignorant concerning them that are fallen asleep in Christ." There is a dramatic unfolding of the order in which reunion takes place. The Apostle, speaking as though he and some with him should live until the grand consummation, for time is naught in the perspective, of faith, exclaims: "They that are fallen asleep shall not prevent us. The dead in Christ shall rise first, and we shall be changed, and we shall be caught up to meet the Lord, and so shall we be forever with the Lord." But if "we and they," all inclusive terms, are so caught up to meet the Lord, then shall we be with them. We are to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God which, whether a literal statement or a figure, implies recognition, the words of Christ place it beyond doubt. "Father," in the seventeenth of John, in the high-priestly prayer, "I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." There are many other passages which relieve us from doubt upon this subject. Important always, especially important now. Be not disturbed by the thought that "flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of God." Every human

being, many time sin every day of his life, performs an act not less mysterious than the recognition of pure spirits would be. Every living man recognizes the thoughts, the faces, that he has "loved and lost awhile"; he recognizes them every day. He knows that the thought he has to-day, by consciousness and perception, to be the thought he had twenty years ago, and he declares that he recollects it. That fact upon inexplicable materialistic principles is not less mysterious than would be the recognition of a spirit by a spirit in the world unseen.

In the light of these facts, Christian facts, what is the true view of life and death? Is it proper for the Christian to wish to be gone? Should his favorite hymn be,

Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb?

Or should it be,

Fly swift around, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day?

Should the Christian familiarize himself with the importance of this life to such an extent as to wish to say, as Theodore Parker, when he was dying in Florence, did say in a letter to his rationalistic congregation in Boston, "Oh, there is so much that no one else can do but I"? Let Paul teach us not to be perturbed with regard to living or dying. The Christian cannot live a moment longer than God will, and all the powers of earth and hell cannot cause him to die an instant sooner than the time which God approves for him, for all dependent upon him, for the Church, and for the full unfolding of the dispensation. With what blended faith, hope and love, St. Paul exclaimed: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I wot not what I would choose. I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ," which shows that personality, consciousness and memory are practically continuous, for if he were to sleep three thousand or thirty thousand years, if he could say for to him to live is Christ, how could he contrast his present state with the sleep of unconsciousness, and consider the latter preferable? Nay. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain; but if I live in the flesh this is the fruit of my labor; yet I wot not what to choose, for it is more needful for you that I remain."

This view enables one to take ship in the path of duty upon the stormiest sea that ever beat upon a rocky coast; to follow the requirements of his conscience whether it conduct him to a dungeon, to a desert, or, what may be more dangerous, to a palace where all gifts are his if he will be silent when he should testify.

The question of the hour: What was the view of life and death held by him who is silent here for the first time? Did he consider it to be transcendently important that he should live? Did he wish to die, or did he hold the exact view that Christianity requires—the view enforced and illustrated by Paul? Last Thanksgiving Day Dr. Deems, with that bold hand which his friends recognize wherever they see it, wrote the name of a beloved child, and then, "From her loving Father." The handwriting has outlived the hand, so frail is human life. It is a strange book—"My Septuagint."

"The name of this book probably suggested itself to my mind because what it contains has been written since the seventy-second anniversary of my birthday. . . . 'How does a man feel at three-score years and ten?' I look into my heart and make the following additional response: I am not conscious of having any of those several symptoms which have generally been supposed to indicate old age, except the one pointed out by Solomon, 'They shall be afraid of that which is high.' I cannot climb as I once could. Four flights of stairs tire me very much, and I am sensible of a secret wish that all my dear parishioners and friends might live on the first floor. Otherwise, as I write to-day, with the splendor of this beautiful morning streaming into my study and lighting up the life-size portrait of my dear wife, who, by the way, has borne with my manners in this wilderness nine years longer than the Lord endured Israel—I do not feel any lessening of the ability of my body to give me pleasure. Yesterday three meals were eaten with as keen an appetite as the meals I took at college even on football days. I did more in the week preceding than in any week of my middle life, and last night for seven hours slept a sleep as sweet as that of my childhood. I enjoy beautiful sights—landscapes, lovely women and children, statuary and paintings, as much as I ever did in earlier

life. I enjoy boys ; I love to see them at play ; and, when permitted to join them, I enter into the plans and purposes of young people with zest."

He was serious then, but he becomes more serious.

"I find myself, I do believe, this day more willing to live and more willing to die than I ever did in any day before. I find myself concerned less with the past and less with the future than I ever was before. I have the abiding conviction that the best of all things is for me to live this day without stop, without haste, with all my power of doing and of enjoying the things which God has given me. I have no intention ever to retire. Often, very, very weary, I think that if a syndicate were to offer me ten millions of dollars, to take care of me the rest of my life, provided I would promise never again to speak in public, never again to make an engagement, never again to take an appointment, and to resign now all the offices I hold in church, in school and in society, I would refuse the ten millions, although I may not have ten months, or even ten days to live. . . .

I sit in my study and talk to my heart, and dictate these lines, and feel that I am approaching the experience of the Apostle Paul: 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' . . . Being assured of the immortality of my spirit because of my spiritual alliance with Him, I have ceased to pray to be delivered from sudden death, which may be a blessing."

Five days after having placed the book in the hand of his daughter his own suddenly refused to write. It was the beginning of the end. He then understood the true Christian theory of life, earnestly willing to live, earnestly willing to die, trustfully leaving it to Him in whose hands, in the high and holy sense, are the issues of life and death.

Is a funeral eulogium in harmony with the spirit of Christianity? If it is not, at this moment silence becomes us. Not only is it in harmony with the spirit of Christianity, but that spirit will pardon forgetfulness of the infirmities of those whom we know to have been true to it. Did not the friends of Dorcas assemble and speak of the wondrous work she had done? Did not St. Paul eulogize his friends who had passed away? Are there not many passages in the New Testament which are un-

qualified eulogiums of the departed? But excess or indiscriminate praise—to predicate of a person qualities he never possessed, and declare him a model in realms of thought and action which he never penetrated—this is to degrade the memory of the deceased and to obscure that which the Holy Word characterizes thus: “The memory of the just is blessed.”

Dr. Deems was the son and the grandson of a minister of the Gospel. The influence of a profession where health and vigor are undisturbed by excess is often seen in descendants to the third and even the tenth generation. He was born with a susceptibility for that kind of excitement without which oratory is impossible. Nature qualified him for peculiar success in any department in which effectiveness depends upon quick response to the changing moods of an audience and upon the adaptive facility which enables one, whatever the grade of intellect to which he speaks, to rise or to sink not in moral tone but in exquisite sensitiveness to the lights and shades of thought and expression in simplicity or complexity according to the reflex influence which every word elicits from the assembly which he addresses. Without the call to the ministry, he, whose virtues we endeavor to portray this day, might have made a lawyer of extraordinary success, or a popular orator in the political world. He could lift the hand from the head of the sorrowing boy who wept because he should see his mother's face no more and place it warm and sympathetic in the hand of the bride on her wedding day. And quickly as he could turn from one to the other the appropriate word would flow to the lip, the tear to the eye. Those who knew not the man would say: “This is superficial; such fluctuations of feeling are impossible.” But he lived in the atmosphere of sympathy. He loved every human being; therefore such transitions would ever move as rapidly as his thought, feeling and sense could correspond to the necessity. He was a scientist—not as an expert, but as a lover and student. He was once professor of natural science in an important college and succeeded admirably therein. But at the end of one year he said: “There is not sufficient play for my emotions here. Oftentimes I wish to trace the wonders of God in the natural world and declare that there only a part of the Deity is known, and point to Christ in whom

the whole Deity is known." "But," he said: "I am not employed for that," and so he resumed the ministry.

He was a journalist, but his efforts were all in the realm of morality and patriotism and good things. He would have been out of place upon some papers and magazines; would have embarrassed greatly the management and would have needed constant supervision. Everything that he did in the department of education was to promote Christian education. He appreciated highly the State. He regarded it as of great importance with respect to the higher education. He had no sympathy with one of his intimate friends who would restrict the education provided by the State to the elements, but placing upon individuals the necessity of gaining the higher education. But he believed that denominational education was essential to supplement the State, because it would be impossible to have a religious institution governed exclusively by the State, and it would be impossible to have a thoroughly effective Christian institution without a denominational centre. Therefore he used his influence mightily to induce his friends to contribute largely to the establishment of great religious universities.

As a lecturer, he was unquestionably unique. Almost any good speaker can preach, especially if called unto that vocation. But to be able to preach and to lecture! He could preach as well as he could lecture, and to lecture until the whole assembly burst into peals of laughter or thunders of applause, and yet never utter a word which would in any degree militate from his influence or detract from it if he were to rise and begin a religious service before the same audience—to do that is an astonishing power, and that he possessed. When at his best on the lecture platform, without one word on the subject of religion, he moved men in that direction. When from any cause he was less effective in the pulpit than usual there was still a deep undertone of power which caused men to forget every departure from any particular canon of pulpit rhetoric or pulpit elocution.

Graduated from an important institution of learning, and afterwards a professor, he rose triumphant above that formal adherence to the peculiarities, or manners, of professors which has ruined so many persons of brilliant talent.

The forthgoing of his personality was less obstructed than that of any public man probably in this metropolis. It was a peculiar charm. You felt it in the car, in the counting-room, as really as in the church. He was magnetic, with the magnetism of an honest man's personality coming out the ends of his fingers, giving the peculiar vibration to his voice, sparkling in his eye. He may speak or be silent, but where he is it comes forth and is felt. Why consume time taken from many cares to say that such a man was a philanthropist. Without that all would have fallen away and he would have been simply one of those cheerful men who go to and fro. His presence would have delighted every one, but it would not have affected any one except as the song of one that singeth well, or as the mere sound of a lute across the water in a quiet evening.

Fraternity is one of the branches of philanthropy. There can be no fraternity without a philanthropic heart. Men without that may observe the etiquette of fraternity, but the soul is not there.

He was a reformer who never lost either his head or his heart. Some lose their heads. They will die for a pin as quick as for a post, and all their days fritter away their efforts in attempting the unattainable and in denouncing all who do not attempt it with them. It was not so with him. Others lose their hearts, and they look upon one thing until it assumes proportions of unreal magnitude and declare that their reform is more important even than the Church of God. Not so with him. He loved institutions of different kinds. He had a sympathy with orders, but one of his most splendid passages that ever fell from his lips was this: "No society, moral or philanthropic, purely of human origin, is to be compared with or substituted for the Church of Jesus Christ. Nay," said he, waxing eloquent, "the best of them are at the nadir, while the Church of the living God founded by Him and built by Jesus Christ is at the zenith, and ever it will remain." Yet this day a demonstration will be seen that he, with those noble views of the relation of purely human efforts to the Church of Christ, was full of sympathy with the former while giving reverence and supreme devotion only to the latter.

A peculiar question relating to the Civil War should not be passed unnoticed. He was an ardent union man. His heart nearly broke when his State decided to secede, but his creed with respect to his relations to the country believed as conscientiously as it is possible for a man to believe anything consisting of three requirements in this order: His first duty is to his family; his second duty is to his State; his third duty to the Federal Government. What man who observes that nearly every decision of the Supreme Court of the United States has a powerful dissenting minority, so that we expect to see as great men if not greater men than the propounder of the opinion declaring his mistake to be serious, contrary to history and in its consequences awful, who will say that Dr. Deems, after his training, education and environment, could not conscientiously believe that it was his duty to go with his State? But how went he with his State? To promote cruelty, perfidy, treachery? By no means. He gave his oldest son, and the boy was killed at Gettysburgh in 1863. Had our friend been destitute of that spirit of philanthropy which overleaped all bounds, he, like some others, would never have communed with those who directly or indirectly robbed him of his son, his beloved son, his first born. But no. He could recognize in us what he claimed for himself, and thus coming in the spirit of fraternity, the spirit of a reunited country to our city, he began the career, which to attempt its description would be to insult the intelligence and the knowledge of those who are here to-day.

He united the abstract and the concrete in a wonderful manner. Many philosophers are useless in private or public life. They are mere phantoms except in their libraries. Others have no philosophy and waste their days in detail. He was a philosopher in the breadth of his thought; but he promoted and he proposed practical things. He was the founder of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy and the editor of its organ, CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, until his death—though for some time obliged to avail himself of the aid of a most valuable coadjutor, the Rev Mr. Devins, who, during all his sickness, has conferred with him and brought forth the work so that those who read it find in each succeeding number something worthy of careful attention.

He was without doubt a complacent man. There are those who misunderstand the relation of complacency to piety. They think that it is necessary for a person to declare himself a worm of the dust in order to have a hope in Heaven. The artist may receive the congratulations of his friends, nay more, he may exhibit his work. The lawyer may be told of his extraordinary addresses at the bar, and it is perfectly proper. The merchant may be praised by a great assembly who will look upon him as a kind of demigod and none condemn either him or them. But if a Christian, if a minister dare to show any complacency, many will say that he is a man of "like passions" with the world. And so the Apostles declared they were when men undertook to worship them. David was one of the most complacent men that ever lived. They would be unworthy a place in the canon if they expressed the same complete self-consciousness of his spirit.

This book begins with a dedication to seventy men departed this life. (His book.) Were I to read these names tears would come to many an eye, for the sons and the grandsons are here. At the thought of a similar day in their experience to that experienced to this day by these bereaved children, their attention would be distracted from the occasion of the hour. But it implies a species of complacency for a man to print seventy names of honored men, among his friends; yet he earned their friendship by good deeds, kind words. It was right for him to be complacent. But in the depth of his soul he was most humble. Hear this prayer of his, side by side with one of his most complacent utterances :

O nail it to Thy cross,
My wretched carnal pride
Which glories in its rags and dross
And knows no wealth beside:
There let it surely die ;
But let my spirit be
Lifted, to sit with Thee on high
And sweet humility.

Such complacency is not degrading but elevating. It is the complacency of Paul, who said when he came to die: "I am now ready to be offered," contrasted with the chief of sinners that he called himself all his life, "and the time of my departure is at

hand. There remains for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." Not a crown of humility but a crown of justice in the economy of grace. So that the cry is "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."

A long and terrible fight was that in the sick room. A man who was never sick, who divided his life into decades after he was sixty, and gave ten years to the need of the American institutes, and proposed to give ten years more to a certain subject upon which he conversed with his friends, and then, fancying that he might live longer, said: "Should I live still longer, I hope to start another enterprise." This man eleven long months in his sick room! Still he was the pastor of a church. How did the good man meet his fate?

There is a tendency on the part of friends to make everything beautiful in the dying Christian. Our power of discernment fails when our friends are so helpless that they cannot speak for themselves, and so it would be suitable to breathe a prayer to Almighty God that no exaggeration in the eulogist should here check the flow of respect, admiration and even veneration.

His industry never flagged. He had his office desk brought to his home in order that he might work in his accustomed way when he was barely able to sit up. The day before his final attack he sat at his desk arranging his papers and laying out his correspondence for the following day, and much, if not most, of his correspondence was helpful, and scarce any of it ever asked for help; never for himself.

His appreciative disposition shone out beautifully, always through his manifold gratitude for the service of those of least kindred to him. No man ever loved his grandchildren more than he. He spoke of them as "my little host of grandchildren." Truly he was blest in them. His physician never left his bedside, so I am informed by those who would not misrepresent, without his blessing him, and he would sometimes, when he could not speak, kiss the hand of his faithful nurse for some act of thoughtful attention.

His patience never failed. He uttered no word, made no sign

of complaint, but in hours of extremest affliction, though his greatest physical depression often affected the flow of spirits, he said over and over again, "He doeth all things well."

His interest in all things touching the world was keen to the very last. His first inquiry of young men who came to see him was, "Tell me the news." His patriotism lost none of its ardor, even during his last sickness. When Congress was convened in extra session, he said the day it met, "Our President! What a responsibility! I pray for him to-day." His humor was never diminished by either suffering or helplessness. He was unable to speak. It was a great day in that house, when he could repeat a whole sentence, and once he was so pleased that he repeated it again and smiled when his family applauded him as though he was receiving the applause of an audience. How pathetic! One day when it was almost impossible for him to articulate, he made a great effort and said: "Well, well, I am not on speaking terms with my friends." Think what being on speaking terms with them had meant for him so many years. Every Sunday but three during his entire sickness, he selected and sent to this congregation a scriptural text for their comfort and spiritual upbuilding. His trust in God sustained him to the uttermost. Throughout his sickness his testimony was, "My faith holds out," and just before consciousness failed he said: "At evening time there is light."

I almost tremble to say to you that a little while before the last attack he looked at the clock, unable to speak, looked at his son-in-law, who, with his wife and their children, ministered to him through these months, and significantly shook his head, which was interpreted to mean that he would do well to stay. He looked at her who then responded to that homely, but homely, word "wife." He gazed so wistfully, and then he looked at his son-in-law so intelligently, and at his daughter so significantly that they could not but gather his meaning to be "Will you take care of her?" They assured him that needed no assurance, and a sweet smile of satisfaction rested upon his face.

* * * * *

These friends need no commiserating words from me. In the deep sea of their grief that they shall see his face no more, they

could not bear congratulatory words. He renounced in dying what he would have been so glad to have done for you first. You could smile upon him, and read to him and do so much for him. How he longed to be able to do it for you! Let, at least, this gleam of comfort shine upon you in your darkness while you try perhaps in vain to behold the light this day of a father's face (yet I would fain hope that you possess the spiritual experience and power which will enable you to count his body among the things that are seen, but his spirit among the things that are not seen, and thus triumph over the affliction of the hour); but as a faint gleam of light remember that you had the privilege of comforting him in the hour and the extremity of death.

Following the address of Dr. Buckley came the Masonic services. The burial was at New Dorp, S. I.

LOVING TRIBUTES TO DR. DEEMS.

A service at which his memory was extolled by men
of various branches of the Christian Church.

A service in memory of Dr. Deems was held in the Church of the Strangers on December 14, at which the Rev. Joseph Merlin Hodson presided. After the hymn, "Abide with me," had been sung, the Scriptures were read by Chancellor McCracken, of the University of the City of New York. Prayer was then offered by Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Drs. Thomas Armitage, formerly pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and Amory H. Bradford, of the First Congregational Church of Montclair, N. J., who had just been elected to succeed Dr. Deems as President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, and editor of *CHRISTIAN THOUGHT*; Ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, and Marion J. Verdery, a son-in-law of Dr. Deems. Rabbi Gottheil and President Simmons of the Fourth National Bank, who had accepted invitations to speak, were unable to be present. The closing hymn was "For the Light is at the End," written by Dr. Deems.

REMARKS BY THE REV. JOSEPH MERLIN HODSON.

Mr. Hodson began the services with the following remarks:

It seems a very fitting thing that one who was so broad of spirit as Dr. Deems should be held in memory on an occasion like this, with ministers of various denominations and laymen upon the platform. His spirit was very broad; he was catholic not only in his sympathies but in his faith. Dr. Deems was a great man, I think, recognized so by all who knew of him, and conspicuously a good man. They who are great in statesmanship, or as generals, or in business, are more conspicuous—necessarily so. The things with which such men have to do bring them before a larger portion of the public. We call men who are good, who are Christians, saints; but it seems to me that it is a very fitting thing that one who was so great, so truly great as Dr. Deems

and so good as he was, should be remembered both for his greatness and goodness when we come together in this way to reflect upon his virtues and upon his excellent life. And so our service to-night shall be profitable, as we bring him to mind and think of him in the excellency of his life. There have been many letters received and resolutions, some of which may be read to-night. I shall ask Mr. Race, the Secretary of the Advisory Council of this church, to read those letters and resolutions.

ADDRESS BY THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D., LL.D.

The following is the address of Dr. Armitage:

Brethren of the Church of the Strangers: One of the fairest and most spotless pages of my memory to-day is that on which is written my association with your beloved pastor for more than twenty years. He came unto the city under very peculiar circumstances, and at a very trying period. Immediately with the close of the war I saw notices in the weekly papers of the preaching of a brother from North Carolina to strangers, in the chapel of the New York University. No explanation was given as to who those strangers were; no hint particularly as to the character of the preacher, and at first it struck my mind as a singularity. I said: "Well, in great communities like New York, I suppose that the strangers that have been scattered abroad from all parts of the earth need some particular order of ministry, and it is only a repetition of the Jewish idea of synagogues for instruction for strangers, especially in Jerusalem, where there were so many." And after noticing the reports in the papers for several weeks as to the attendance in his congregation, and the character of the sermons that he preached, I said: "Well, a man preaching to strangers such truths as those must be a blessing, and I will find out this beloved brother, and give him a hand of welcome as an old city pastor." So I went to his house, which was then located in Thirty-fourth Street between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, and found the unpretentious, genial, sweet-spirited man, whose absence from us we feel deeply to-night. I saw at once by a few minutes' conversation that he was a man of distinction.

Those elements of character that we prize in good and great men stood out as prominent attributes, and after a little conversation with him I said: "Is it your purpose to take the Italians and the Irish and the Germans who have left their homes and come to a foreign country to band them into a general Church?" "Oh, no, no," he said. "Nothing of the sort."

I begged for an exposition of his purpose. He said: "Well, Doctor, for years we have been slaughtering each other. The war has been desolating—immensely desolating. You have no conception at all of the condition of the South, from whence I came. The people are reduced to absolute poverty. There is scarcely a home in the Confederacy where one is not absent from the table and the bed, and where the body of a son or a husband has not been taken away on the field, and our people have scattered in every direction. Thousands and tens of thousands of people have gone to the large cities to seek bread. They have not a home, they have not a crust. They have scarcely a rag to their backs."

"Well," I said to him, "Doctor, as a pastor in New York, first of all, I was largely ignorant of that condition of things; and in the next place, I am perfectly sure that in all the different denominations of Christians here those scattered brethren and sisters will be welcome. If they are Roman Catholics, they will be welcome into their places of worship. If they belong to the Episcopal Church, they will find the teachings of its ministry and its ritual. If they are Methodists or Baptists or Presbyterians, or whatever, the doors of our meeting-houses will be open, the arms of the people will embrace them, and the hearts of the people will take them in."

He said: "I have no doubt of it, and I have no doubt at all that the city sympathizes with your own views and feelings in that particular." But he said: "They are strangers; they do not feel at home; they doubt whether they are welcome. When you take into account the great slaughter the two armies have made, you can scarcely imagine that they can feel exactly like brothers and sisters in their own homes and among their best friends when they come into New York churches."

He talked in this way for a whole evening. I complained to

him, as pastors commonly do, that strangers who come to New York and find such a totally different method of life from that in the small villages and cities and towns from which they have come, do not always act wisely, and sometimes, when you approach them, they rebuff you, and when you would show kindness to them they resent your approaches. And we talked all that over, but he said, "No, they are from every State in the South, poor, homeless, wretched, friendless, at any rate they feel so, and I have left my home in North Carolina to come and gather them together." I said, "Into a church?" "Yes; they must have the privileges of a Gospel Church. We must manage in some way so that Baptist and Congregationalist, and Episcopalians and Methodists, and whatever else can come together on a platform of common faith and for the time being bury their differences, their denominational differences, until they get a standing in the New York Zion and begin to work in the New York population," and he expounded his plans.

Every word that he said was characterized by his mighty mind. I saw that I was conversing with a first-class man, not a crank, not a man with crochets, not a man with peculiar notions, but whose great head was suggesting immense thoughts, and whose great heart was imposing immense impulses, and whose burning enthusiasm for Christ and His suffering people led him to come and lay himself upon the altar, an absolute sacrifice. I fell in love with your pastor, and I have loved him as a brother ever since; watched his work; watched his spirit; met with him again and again in public assemblies in the advocacy of this and that particular cause that lay near our hearts, and as I look into the cells of memory to-day and bring out that page from the pigeon hole of recollection, I look at it from top to bottom, from margin to margin, and say in my inner heart, "He was like his Master." There was neither stain nor blot, nor wrinkle, nor impress of evil on his whole character during the more than twenty years of intimacy with him. And I feel to-day in the loss of Dr. Deems that I have suffered as a brother. I wanted to be here at his funeral, but could not possibly get here, but my heart hung round this place, wondered how his broken congregation felt, moved toward the congregation with impulses kindred to his

own. I feel to-night as if I had lost almost a member of my own family. I could not give you an analysis of his character without the use of too much time and too many words, but I may say this, that he was what we blunt people in New York call "an all around man." Level-headed, true-hearted, full of love to God and full of love to man. He had a broader head and a bigger heart than one man in a million.

I have been struck sometimes with a touch of genius about him. I do not know what other word to use. It is a peculiar word, but he had that wonderful ability that some men possess of bringing the brightest sunbeams out of the greenest cucumbers. I never saw a man who could turn circumstances to such quick and profitable account as he did, and in so pleasant and effective a manner. I was talking with him one day about the pulpit and I said, "Yes, I had a pretty good time yesterday in preaching, but they brought up such a handful of notices that it disconcerted me. It took a lot of time and I don't know but it touched a little of the old Adam of temper." "Oh," said he, "bad temper about pulpit notices; why, bless you, it's a means of grace to me. I always find something in a notice that stirs my soul in some direction; and if I have time to follow it, it will lead me, occasionally, through fire and through water, but into a wealthy place." "And," I said to him, "Deems, I am not fond of cucumbers, but you seem to be very fond of them. I will send you all the notices that I can get."

And now I want to say this and close: That you strangers in the City of New York, who sat so long under his ministry have had a wonderful education. I do not know any minister in the city whose ministry covered as beautiful grounds and combined more wonderful elements than his. Four years ago I was spending a few months in Europe, and during the time went into the north of England and spent a few weeks in a minister's house there, having preached for him once or twice. His wife was a refined, educated, elegant lady and a devout Christian, a very devout Christian. She went to the library and brought out a volume of unbound discourses. They seemed to be weekly publications, and I took them up and said, "Why, here are Dr. Deems's sermons." "Yes," she said. "Do you know Dr. Deems?" "Oh,

yes," I said, "I know him very intimately and love him very warmly." "Well," she said, "I don't know him, but in some way or other these sermons have fallen into my hands. I read Beecher's sermons (which were then rather commonly published).

"I read Spurgeon's sermons. Now and then I see other discourses, say from Dr. Talmage," and one or two others she mentioned, "but none of them reaches my heart and informs my judgment so thoroughly as those of Dr. Deems. I would give the world to be acquainted with him and to sit under his ministry." "And," I said, "when I get home I will see the doctor and tell him what a marvellous treasure he is, and how his sermons are blessed here in Yorkshire."

I came to his room and found a beautiful volume on his table—his "Life of Jesus." "And now," I said, "I will get a feast for that woman if I possibly can. She is there in Yorkshire, and their preaching could be improved, some of it, and if I can get the doctor to send that 'Life of Jesus' to that poor woman, it will do her an immense amount of good." "Oh," said he, "bless my heart, yes; what is her name?" I gave her name. He took his pen in that room and wrote her name, "with the compliments of the author." And the woman has that book now, and while Dr. Deems is dead, that book in Yorkshire, as well as in New York and in a thousand other places, is preaching the glorious Gospel that educated you. I think I have said enough, and you have so many speakers to listen to that I will be glad if you will relieve me from further remarks. God bless you. Bind his ministry to your hearts. Hold together. You came here out of great tribulation. Go there after him to join him from the same sources of fire and water into the wealthy place.

ADDRESS BY AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D.

Dr. Bradford spoke as follows :

My dear friends, my association and acquaintance with Dr. Deems does not run so far back as that of many who will address you to-night, and yet it goes very much farther than I supposed it did until I began to count up the years—for time flies much more

swiftly as we grow older. I have known him and enjoyed his friendship I believe for about fifteen years. As Dr. Armitage has been speaking with so much grace and feeling I have thought that I should like to be able fittingly to characterize Dr. Deems and his work. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that one of the noblest figures in the pulpit of New York, one of the most efficient workers in the churches of New York, and one of the ablest and most consecrated Christian ministers in all the American nation, passed to his rest when our dearly beloved friend closed his ministry on earth. I want to emphasize those words, *on earth*. A young woman, the daughter of a friend, recently entered Wellesley College. A little while before he died Bishop Brooks visited Wellesley and spoke to the students of that great institution of learning. Within a week or two he had ceased his earthly career, and this girl wrote to her friends: "I never thought very much about the immortality of the soul until I heard that Bishop Brooks had passed away, and now I cannot believe in death." And I am sure that acquaintance with a man like Dr. Deems helps to make it impossible for us to believe in death. Our Lord never recognized death. His disciples spoke about it, but when they came to Him with the word He always turned them away with the sweet and beautiful thought of sleep. And I cannot even think of our brother as sleeping, only resting for a moment that he may rise in new, more intense and more splendid life to do the work which the Master has committed to him.

In the few words which I shall speak to you I must refer to the days of our first meeting. This is a family rather than a formal gathering, and as we meet in our households about our family circles and speak of those who have gone, so now we will for a few moments speak of our loved one who has only gone into another room of our Father's house.

My association with Dr. Deems was largely in connection with the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which he was the founder, and for which he did more than all others combined. I shall never forget that beautiful day at Greenwood Lake, when, after we had been talking about the project, he put his hand upon mine and said: "Bradford, if you will help me, I

believe we will make this thing go." He put his heart and life into that work. I was able to help him a very little, but when I ceased to be active he continued his labors, interesting many others in his plans, and to the day of his death the Institute was one of the causes nearest and dearest to him. As we speak of those days at Greenwood Lake, I am reminded of what a wonderfully genial, bright, happy man he was, and what a gift he had for turning everything that seemed to be unpropitious into brightness and joy. We once went to a camp-meeting which was held near the Lake. Dr. Deems was to preach. He took for his text one of those passages from the Psalms which close with "Selah," and concluded his sermon with an eloquent peroration, using at the end of each phrase, "Selah—hush!" There were many country people present, some of whom grew very enthusiastic as the eloquence increased. At the conclusion of one of the most eloquent passages, a brother of the shouting kind arose and cried at the top of his voice: "Amen!" "Selah! hush!" said Dr. Deems. That bright way of turning things always characterized him. It was deftly done—just in the line of his thought. He quieted the man, and in a manner to please rather than offend.

I must also speak of him as a Christian worker. How any man was able to do so much work, and still constantly grow young, is hard to understand. He said to me about ten years ago: "I have been growing young every day for the last five years." After another five years had passed I said: "Dr. Deems, do you remember you told me about five years ago that you had been growing young for five years?" "Yes," he said, "I do remember it, and do you know I have been growing young every day since?" I presume if I could have seen him the last day of his life he would have said exactly the same thing, realizing, as I am sure he did, the prayer of the great English preacher: "Lord, help us all to remember that getting near to God is getting near to immortal youth."

As a thinker Dr. Deems exerted a much larger influence than his publications might seem to warrant. He was too busy to find much time for speculative thought. He was the President of the Institute of Philosophy, and yet he did little philoso-

phizing. He did that which was infinitely better; he stimulated others to splendid achievement. In many of our institutions of learning, North and South, are young men who have been inspired to think earnestly and thoroughly concerning profound subjects not so much by reading what he wrote as by remembering the words which he spoke and the influence which he exerted. While he was eminent neither as a philosopher nor as a theologian, he was one of the most vital thinkers I have ever known. Other men put emphasis upon systems of thought; he rather put his emphasis upon the life which is in Christ. His "system," if he had one, was the expression of his spiritual life. He was one of the most progressive of men. If you will read his address on "The Theological Outlook," published in a recent number of *CHRISTIAN THOUGHT*, you will be surprised that a man of his years, and one with so much work to do, should look so hopefully toward the future. He was not only a progressive thinker, but he was also a confident thinker. He had absolutely no fear for truth. The windows of his soul were open on all sides. He said: "The Bible and the ark, and anything that has God in it must live." He welcomed all earnest teachers, and had a kind word for every science and every truth which would bring in larger, nobler and better manhood.

We cannot think of Dr. Deems without also thinking of his immense contribution to Christian union. At the last meeting of the Congregational Club, of which Dr. Deems was a member and one of the most constant attendants—the question arose as to whether any in the room knew to what denomination he belonged. I had known him intimately for fifteen years, and I did not know. Not a person present could answer, except our guest, Dr. Buckley, who confessed that he should not have been informed had he not within a few hours been invited by the family to preach the funeral sermon the next day. Since then the wonderful fact has been made known that that man, almost peerless in the pulpit of New York; that man who was welcomed North and South, East and West; who was the friend of the Christian Endeavor Societies; the friend of the most conservative and the most liberal thinkers; the friend of every one who knew him, not because he made compromises, but because of the hospitality of his spirit,

was a member of no denomination. Here in this Church of the Strangers is a baptistry—I am almost standing on it. This might have been a Baptist church, but it was not. Here are met representatives of almost all denominations, and every one thinks of Dr. Deems as a brother. In other words, he proved to us how to realize Christian union. It is simply by being Christians. That is one of the most splendid lessons which any man has taught in our time.

I cannot allow this occasion to pass without saying that I remember with the greatest joy and delight, as one of the most precious of my memories, that that dear and sainted man, with a smile upon his face, used often to give to me his hand, and say, “Well, my son, how are you to-day?” I cannot go from this platform without telling the members of the Church of the Strangers, and still more those who were nearer to him than even this church membership could possibly be, that a great company of mourners all over this land and in many lands gratefully cherish the memory of Dr. Deems, saying, from their full hearts, “He was our helper and friend.”

As I remember that Dr. Deems exercised a very strong influence in bringing in an era of good feeling between the North and South, it seems to me that I cannot close this address more fittingly than, with only two or three changes, to take the words which Whittier out of his heart wrote for his friend, Thomas Starr King, who, by the Golden Gate, had just entered into life, and apply them to our dear and honored father, whom we have loved so well, and whom we pray God we may all meet again :

Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain,
O North and South ! O North and South ! twain
No more forever !—has he liv'd in vain
Who, priest of union, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold ?

ADDRESS OF ABRAM S. HEWITT, ESQ.

Mr. Hewitt was called upon unexpectedly to take the place of an absent speaker. The following is his address :

I came here to-night not to speak but rather to testify, so far

as my presence could do it, to the profound admiration which was entertained in this city by its men of business, those whose daily walk is not in the churches, but is in the paths of industry and finance and the competition of trade, to the profound respect which they all entertained for Dr. Deems. St. Paul was the Apostle to the Gentiles, and when he went to Athens you all remember, addressing the earnest and curious crowd that he found there, he said, I see that you have altars to all the gods. And among the other gods I see you have an altar to the Unknown God. "Him declare I unto you." I never think of Dr. Deems without thinking of St. Paul and that wonderful address upon Mars Hill, and I am profoundly interested to-night by what Dr. Bradford has told us about the religious views of Dr. Deems. I had known him for a great many years and I confess that I never asked the question, to what denomination he belonged. I never could conceive that he belonged to any denomination, and yet I supposed, as a matter of course, that he was in affiliation with some sect. But it never occurred to me to look at him or to consider him for one moment as a man who had any sectarian views whatever. When he constituted himself the apostle to the strangers it must have been the result of that inner consciousness that he was born to be an apostle to all who were in trouble, to all who felt that they needed religious instruction and inspiration. And I never quite understood, until three or four years ago, when the library of the Mercantile Association new building was opened and Dr. Deems made an address, how it was that Dr. Deems had carved out for himself the peculiar place which he filled in this community, until I listened to what he then told us. He said: "I came to New York without a friend, without an acquaintance. I had no books. I had no money. I had nothing; and I had to support myself. And I came to this library, which was not a public library, but a subscription library, and I said to the librarian, 'I am a scholar who has occasion to consult books. I am not able to pay the subscription fee at this library, but I am engaged in literary work and I should like to have the privilege of using some of the books.'" And he said the librarian replied: "My dear sir, you are welcome to everything that there is in this library. Come here and make

it your study as long as you choose." Now, ordinarily, librarians do not welcome strangers in that way to libraries, and it was, I think, the most remarkable testimony to the peculiar characteristics of Dr. Deems that in his very first interview with the librarian, who was accustomed to deal with a crowd and accommodate persons who came and went, that his heart was touched and opened towards him, and made him a friend, and put at his service all the treasures of the magnificent collection. Thus it was with Dr. Deems everywhere. He never made an enemy and he never lost a friend. He was a veritable minister of Christ and he belonged to that Church, I think it is called—I shall have to ask my clerical friends—the Church after the order of Melchizedek, which antedates all churches. Evidently Dr. Deems went behind all sects and joined the universal Church of God, which had been brought down to us, to the poorest and humblest among us, by the Saviour who, in His life, set the example which Dr. Deems followed through poverty, through discouragement, through lack of friends, through the appreciation and the flattery which finally surrounded him, retaining to the last that lovely simplicity of character which made him the typical Christian of modern times.

ADDRESS OF MARION J. VERDERY, ESQ.

The closing address was delivered by Mr. Verdery, who spoke both as a friend and as a son. He said :

When invited by the officers of the church to take part in this sacred service, my heart's instant impulse was to accept. My only perplexity was in determining whether I belonged more properly down there with his sorrowing family, or up here with his loyal friends.

In all that constitutes helpful counsel, unfailing encouragement, warm flowing sympathy, patience with shortcomings, and paternal affection, he was my father. In all that makes up loyalty of fellowship, union of interest, unvarying devotion, and self-sacrificing assistance, he was my friend.

It is not my province to pronounce any formal eulogy on him. Others with that privilege vouchsafed them have done their love

task completely. I could not add one note to the inspiring symphony of praise that has been sung, but if I can pay a sweet, simple, hearthstone tribute to that side of his beautiful nature which was not exposed to the world, I shall at least, like his masonic brethren, have given my sprig of evergreen.

Out in the busy world where he spent so much of his life, he was the incarnation of activity and industry. Dashing at work with an energy suggestive of military genius, he accomplished more in a day than many men do in a week. Work was not second, but first nature to him. I do not believe he ever wilfully wasted an hour in his life. He counted time by seconds, and contended that every tick of a man's watch meant a breath of his life, and therefore was precious. This marvellous energy, illumined by the highest order of intellectuality, and directed by a spirit wholly consecrated to the service of God, inspired his life of vast usefulness and made Dr. Deems the great and good man that he was. Thus you all knew him out in the world!

At home, oh—what a sweet privilege to have known him there! I cannot trust myself to talk much about it. Words seem too harsh to wrap our tenderest thoughts in. If I could show you through my heart's eyes a thousand pictures that hang on memory's wall, and let them be my hearthstone tribute, love would be content with the offering and the sweetness of home be idealized.

He never came in from work too tired to be tender. He never became so engrossed by his interest in outside affairs that he lost relish for domestic affiliations. His wit was never so dulled by use in public places that it ceased to sparkle in the family circle. His humor did not exhaust itself in great crowds, with the hope of applause—he made his rarest fun and told his best stories at the fireside.

When serious, he delighted to fold us all in his abiding love, and enrich us with his blessings. When joyous he suffused the whole house with the sunshine of his soul, and made his gladness contagious.

With his grandchildren he was playfellow, even after he wrote "My Septuagint." With his children he was always boon companion. And to his sweetheart bride of fifty years he was

courtly knight and loyal lover, down to their golden wedding day.

His whole life was a love-letter to mankind, with its sweetest, tenderest, and holiest passages dedicated to his family.

Oh, sainted soul in glory ! hear the sweet praises of thy people on earth. Hear the words of these pure-hearted women, the one saying, " When he swept through the pearly gates on that blessed Sunday morn like a great burst of light, into the eternal city, all the angels must have turned to bid him welcome, and shout for joy at his advent " ; and another, pouring out the libation of her love, says : " The thought of heaven will forever hereafter be sweeter to me than ever before, because his greeting waits me there."

Oh ! tribute above all other tributes, living testimony to the uplifting power of his life on earth to draw souls on after him into the life eternal.

Faithful servant of God, gone now to thy rest and reward, bend down to-night from the battlements of heaven and pronounce one more benediction upon thy people.

Oh ! blessed head of our house, dearly beloved and deeply revered, may thy precious example prove always a living force in our lives, strong enough to hold us in the ways of uprightness; and may a sweet remembrance of all thy loving-kindness and teachings of truth be as incense burning perpetually on the home altar, to keep our hearts pure forever.

THE LIGHT IS AT THE END.

The following hymn, written by Dr. Deems, was sung at both the funeral and the memorial service held in the Church of the Strangers :

By the order of the Master
Time began its course in night;
'Twas the evening and the morning,
First the darkness, then the light;
Let us not grow weary watching
In the shadows God may send;
Darkness cannot last forever,
And the light is at the end.
Go bravely through the darkness,
For the light is at the end.

On the paths we now are marching
Our great Master's feet have trod;
And each weary, faltering footstep
Brings us nearer to our God.
Then in passing through the valley,
When the shadows o'er us bend,
Let us keep our courage steady,
For the light is at the end.
Go bravely through the darkness,
For the light is at the end.

We shall soon be called to travel
Through the vale of death's dark shade;
But we know who will be with us,
And we cannot be afraid.
We will cheer the way with music,
Walking with our Master-Friend,
Leaning on His staff and gazing
At the light that's at the end.
Go bravely through the darkness,
For the light is at the end.

SOUTHERN MEMORIES OF DR. DEEMS.

A Service in the University of North Carolina on
the Day of the Funeral in New York.

At the instance of George T. Winston, President of the University of North Carolina, services were held in the University chapel in commemoration of Dr. Charles F. Deems, at the same hour that the funeral services were being conducted in New York. Dr. Winston in feeling language explained the object of the meeting and then at his request the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hume followed with a most fervent and appropriate prayer. Then Prof. Kemp P. Battle, who forty-seven years ago was a pupil of Dr. Deems delivered an impromptu address, the substance of which we publish. There were two hymns beautifully sung by the university choir under the leadership of Karl P. Harrington, professor of Latin. The first had for its burden Christian hope, the second was the beautiful ode, *Integer Vitae*, Dr. Hume introducing it with the remark that a tribute to a just man is good for all time. The Rev. Dr. John S. Carroll, of the Baptist Church at Chapel Hill, in the closing prayer, thanked God for the gift to the world of one so active in all good works as Dr. Deems. Prof. Battle said in substance :

It is a melancholy gratification to me to give my testimony to the character and work of the great and good man, whose funeral services are being now conducted in a distant city. There are only two persons in this congregation who have known him longer than I. When my father brought me, a boy, to this village in 1843, Dr. Deems was adjunct professor of rhetoric and logic in the university. The authorities had heard of his scholarly attainments and his oratorical powers, and created a chair in order to secure him as a member of its faculty. His abounding energy did not permit his confinement to his professional duties. He organized a congregation of his church, the first in Chapel Hill, serving without compensation. The "meeting-house" was an "upper chamber," above a store, to which he gave the name, Bethesda.

It was without furniture, except backless pine benches, and a cloth covered table for a pulpit. It was lighted at night by tall candles set in wooden sockets. The contrast between the material rudeness and the elegance of the preacher was most striking. After the lapse of fifty years I recall vividly the simplicity, the force, the fervor, the eloquence of those discourses. Particularly one on Truth lives in my memory as if delivered only a few days ago.

In addition to the studies of his own department Dr. Deems taught Horace to the Sophomore class. I read with him the beautiful ode, "Integer Vitae," which you will sing to-day. He did not pay much attention to the niceties of grammar and prosody, but he was very strong in pointing out to us the literary excellencies of the author, the elegance, humor, wit, satire, philosophy, the beauties of style and rhythm. His courtesy, kindness, sympathetic interest in our welfare endeared him to our class and we sincerely grieved over his departure. [Dr. Battle here gave incidents in Dr. Deems's life in the South previous to the Civil War.]

Dr. Deems's clear eye saw that this war would bring untold suffering on the South. His tender heart was sore at the sad fate of thousands of orphans, whose fathers would certainly be cut off on battle-field or in hospitals. Yearning to provide for these future waifs, undaunted by the horrors and privations incident to a war of invasion, he entered on the grand enterprise of raising the endowment of an asylum for the orphans of Confederate soldiers. His plan was wisely conceived and carried out with the tenacity and pluck for which he was remarkable. Subscriptions in Confederate currency were taken, to be invested in cotton, or otherwise, so as to be available after the termination of the war. Large assets were collected by him, but were lost by the casualties of the closing struggle. That the scheme was wisely conceived is proved by the fact that some large fortunes were realized by men whose investments were, fortunately, outside the track of destroying armies.

The war being ended, and the South being temporarily in ruins, Dr. Deems sought a broader field of usefulness in the great cosmopolitan city of the Western continent. In common with

many thousands of other Southern men he rightly reasoned that the teeming population of New York were too busy to retain long the animosities which are necessarily engendered in civil strife. From this centre of the activities of the Western continent, he sought, in the pages of *The Watchman*, a weekly family newspaper, designed mainly for Southern circulation, to encourage his stricken people, and to instruct them on the religious, scientific and political questions of the day. The paper was conducted with unusual ability, but the financial obstacles were too formidable for its success. After a brave struggle, and most arduous labors of its editor, it was suspended. The Watchman Publishing Company, however, will not be forgotten by students of history, especially by those interested in North Carolina. It published a very valuable contribution to the history of our State, "The Last Ninety Days of the War in North Carolina," by our gifted townswoman, Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer.

It was characteristic of our deceased friend never to be cast down by defeat. With hopeful reliance on the truth that God doeth all things well, he turned from his editorial toils to missionary work for his Master. As St. Paul was moved by the sight of the idol-worship of Athens, so the heart of this follower of the blessed Apostle yearned to minister to the spiritual wants of the vast numbers of strangers, always to be found in the grander city which he had adopted as his home. He procured the use of a hall for the purpose, and blessed beyond measure were his intelligent labors and eloquent presentation of Christian doctrine. One of the financial princes of the city, struck by the novelty and usefulness of his plans, generously donated a church edifice for his use. The Church of the Strangers assumed at once a place in the front rank of the beneficent institutions of our country. Men of all creeds and of all religious denominations found in its broad-minded and great-hearted pastor a sympathetic friend and a wise counsellor. Very many have been induced by his conscience-searching discourses, winning souls by loving persuasion, rather than by terrifying threatenings, to break the chains of iniquity that enslaved them.

His restless energy did not allow him to be satisfied with the

care and instruction of his flock. He determined to organize a society, whose chief work should be to set forth the proper relations of science and religion. The success of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy is due solely to him. The far-reaching influence for good of its organ, CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, with its numerous articles by men of eminence in various professions, is the result of his careful editing. Nor was he satisfied with this addition to his clerical duties. He found time to write not only magazine articles, but many books of conspicuous merit, distinguished for clearness and brightness. Loyalty to Christ and "Enthusiasm for humanity" permeated them all.

Notwithstanding his engrossing cares, and the successes which would have turned the brain of a less balanced man, the great heart of Dr. Deems never lost its tenderness towards the friends of his younger days. It was always constant to North Carolina and to its university. He always retained a home-like feeling towards Chapel Hill. Here he assumed the relationship of pastor to his first flock. Here he entered on his first professional duties. Here he brought his lovely bride, the joy and the blessing of his life. It was here that his older children were born. Here he made loving friends who never failed him. So in his book called "My Septuagint," written after he passed his three-score years and ten, he enumerates the seventy men dying before him, who had the strongest influence on his life. Four of these were professors in one university: Wm. H. Battle, Elisha Mitchell, James Phillips, David L. Swain.

In the darkest hour of my presidency of the university, when our income was so small that it was necessary to curtail the salaries of the faculty, before the General Assembly had been induced to come to our relief, I received a letter from Dr. Deems, which was as a ray of sunlight through a rift in the cloud. Its purport was that his heart prompted him to aid as far as he could young men of North Carolina, aspiring to higher education, and at the same time erect a monument to the memory of his oldest son, Theodore Disosway Deems, born at Chapel Hill, who had lost his life in the Confederate service. To these ends he proposed to establish a fund, the whole of which, the principal and the interest which might accrue from time to time, was to be

loaned on good security directly to needy students of this university. He enclosed at the beginning a check for three hundred dollars, promising to add to the amount as God should give him the means. This was followed in a few months by two hundred dollars more, and in December, 1880, he added a birthday gift of an additional hundred dollars.

Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt heard of this laudable scheme and a few days afterwards asked Dr. Deems to explain it to him. This being done, he said, "Doctor, I like that. I will add ten thousand dollars to it." The beneficent wisdom shown in the inauguration of this fund has been proved by speedy results. One of our trustees feared that poor youths could not find solvent sureties, and asserted that with such security they could borrow money elsewhere. He was mistaken. Nearly two hundred young men have already been lifted by its aid to a higher life, and President Winston tells me that if money sufficient was in his hands he could find one hundred and fifty more willing borrowers. There are always good men willing to give their endorsement in order to aid aspiring merit. It is an illustration of the catholicity of Dr. Deems's plan that the first five men who owe the completion of their education to Dr. Deems are all engaged in distinctively Christian work, and each in different fields. The first is a prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in South Carolina. The second is an efficient secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in North Carolina; the third is one of the most successful missionaries of the Baptist Church in China; the fourth is a Presbyterian preacher of much power in an eastern town of our State; the fifth is an able minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in our city of Wilmington.

It appears to me that the most enduring monument erected by Dr. Deems is this Deems Fund. In the nature of things in a few decades of years it is probable that future generations, when they think of the Church of the Strangers, will associate it with their own favorite pastor, rather than with its broad-viewed founder. His name will be obscured by those of eminent divines, who, each in his turn, will fill the minds of men. So other leaders of thought will guide to usefulness the American Institute of Christian Philosophy and other institutions of which he was a

prominent factor. Much as we admire him, we can hardly hope that any of his books, precious as they are to us, will take their place by the side of "Pilgrim's Progress" and other writings which seem destined to a perennial youth. But the Deems Fund in our University is a monument which will, so far as mortal eyes can discern, last forever. It may sustain occasional losses, but those losses will not equal the annual interest. It is a benefaction growing with compound interest. It started at \$10,600; it is now \$15,300. The feature of lending principal, as well as interest, directly to the needy students, whose neighbors are willing to become sureties for repayment out of their early earnings, makes this one of the wisest schemes ever devised for helping young men of promise and of pluck. It has already achieved great results. In all the coming years it will be a flowing fountain of blessings, ever increasing in volume. As long as gratitude exists as a virtue in the hearts of men, the name and character of this great philanthropist will be wreathed with immortelles.

A PRAYER.

O nail it to Thy cross,
My wretched carnal pride,
Which glories in its rags and dross,
And knows no wealth beside:
There let it surely die ;
But let my spirit be
Lifted, to sit with Thee on high
In sweet humility.

—From "*My Septuagint*."

THE BANNER OF JESUS.

[Written for the Eleventh Annual Convention of
the Y. P. S. C. E. by Dr. Deems.]

Air—Star Spangled Banner.

See, see, Comrades ! see, floating high in the air,
The love-woven, blood-sprinkled banner of Jesus !
The symbol of hope, beating down all despair,
From sin and its thralldom triumphantly frees us.
By the hand that was pierced
It was lifted at first,
When the bars of the grave by our Captain were burst ;
That blood-sprinkled banner must yet be unfurled
O'er the homes of all men and the thrones of the world.

Shout, shout, Comrades ! shout, that our Captain and Lord,
That standard of hope first entrusted to won.an;
And Mary, dear saint, in obeying His word,
Flung out its wide folds over all that is human;
So there came to embrace
That sweet ensign of grace,
All the true and the great, all the best of our race:
That blood-sprinkled banner must yet be unfurled
O'er the homes of all men and the thrones of the world.

March, march, Comrades ! march, all the young, all the old,
The army of Christ and of Christian Endeavor;
With heroes our souls having now been enrolled,
Our banner will follow forever and ever.
For our march shall not cease
'Till the Gospel of peace
Shall our race in all lands from its tyrants release;
That blood-sprinkled banner must yet be unfurled
O'er the homes of all men and the thrones of the world.

DR. DEEMS'S LAST MESSAGE TO THE INSTITUTE.

THE Rev. Edward M. Deems, Ph.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., said in opening the Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy at Staten Island, July 6, 1893:

Let me now again impress upon this gathering that the object of this Institute is to get from the best minds and hearts of American Christian thinkers an expression of their ideas on the great topics of philosophy and religion which are influencing the character and conduct of the American people, and other people also; and may I add, that I do most earnestly trust, not because I am my father's son, but because of the worthiness of the object of the institution, that you men and women here to-day will stand by this idea and this institution heroically and, if need be, with self-sacrifice. It is now in your hands. My good father is limited in his activity for the institute, but still does what he can. This morning, as I left him, I asked him what message he would send to you. Of course we have to glean from the expression of his face more even than from the words of his mouth, and he showed intense interest in the Institute and in the meeting this afternoon. He is here this moment, pulsatingly, livingly here. What he said to me in his broken way was:

"Tell the officers and members of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy at the Summer School that in spirit I will be with them promptly at every meeting of the session; that I am working for them daily by striving to secure members for the institute and subscribers for CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, and by sending out the circulars which tell of the objects and work of this institute. My hands, in the Providence of God, are tied. Tell them," he said distinctly, "tell the officers and members to select another President, an active President, and to work more; tell officers and members to *work more*."

This is his behest to you, dear friends; work more by attending the meetings, and by scattering the literature of the Institute-

Give money to the treasury, whereby many copies of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT may be sent to Japan, China, India and other distant lands, as well as to the theological seminaries and colleges and others institutions of America. Support financially this cause, so that it may continue its life, and have, like the Victoria Institute of Great Britain, some time soon, a building, a local habitation as well as a name, in which there may be built up a perfectly equipped philosophical library for reference for students who desire to establish Christian ideas and principles, and a home for those who love this cause and the truth as it is in the Word and in Jesus. I have resolved to do this, and I ask every man and woman here to earnestly resolve to support the American Institute always and in every way in order that the false philosophy of the day may be corrected by the Christian philosophy, which is the true philosophy not only in this land, but throughout the universe.

HAVING now been three-score years and ten in human society, having lived at home and in foreign lands, been rich and poor, been in war and in peace, in Negro cabins and Egyptian huts, I have found that the world metes out to a man very much what a man metes out to the world, and that it loves to be kind. Dear old world, as at this Christmas tide I have said something kind of thee, I should not wonder if thou said something kind of me, when I have left thee. I shall not hear it, perhaps, but wherever I go I shall have something good to say of thee. I am very glad at least that I have had so many Christmases with thee!—*Charles F. Deems, in "My Septuagint."*

CHRISTIAN HEROISM IN THE SICK CHAMBER.

Mr. Marion J. Verdery, Dr. Deems's son-in-law, has written a brief record of the sick-room experiences which will be read with interest by all who knew and loved him whose "faith held out":

Dr. Deems was stricken with paralysis on December 16th, 1892, and ten days later was removed from the New York Hotel, where he had been living several years, to my house, which thereafter was his home until he died. It was therefore my privilege to be with him constantly during the eleven months of his last illness, and because of that intimate association I am requested to write for the memorial number of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, a brief account of him while he lingered in the trial of affliction, and grew strong in the development of grace.

My intimacy with him did not by any means begin when he came to live with me. I had been his son-in-law for twenty years, and in all that time he had drawn me closely to him by the warmth of his sympathy, the cordiality of his fellowship, the unvariableness of his confidence and the helpfulness of his counsel. He was my faithful friend, not only because he was my wife's father, but also because his great heart was turned toward me for my own sake.

The story of those last months of his precious life on earth would be hard to tell in detail. The recollection of each day suggests something well worth telling. All the incidents of his illness were in such beautiful harmony with his unwavering Christian faith, and his heroic fortitude at the end was such fitting finish to the more than fifty years of consistency as a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, that a record of his last days might be summed up in the brief epitome: "He finished his course with joy," and passed from the trials and tears of earth, into the triumph of eternal life. It will always be a comfort to those who loved him, to know that he experienced little bodily pain during his long illness. There were two short periods—

amounting together to about four weeks—when his agony was great, but expecting these spells his suffering was very slight. I think his mental anguish was intense when he was first prostrated.

When his pen fell from his right hand it was as though his hitherto strong grasp had loosened of ever on one of his best instruments for good, and his noble heart ached more even than a warrior's heart aches when he lays down his sword. But the loss of speech was a still more terrible blow, for he felt to be bereft of that was to have lost his greatest power for truth, and he sorrowed at the thought of never being able again to talk or Christ: His religious convictions were so confirmed in his whole being, that preaching was a holy passion with him. It was in the short and decisive battle with his human nature, which at first rebelled against his withered hand and silenced tongue, that I watched him win his most splendid spiritual victory. He never complained much even in the beginning, and it was only a little while until every trace of inward strife was subdued, and in the sweetness of Christian grace, he was completely reconciled. Through all the months that followed, to the very end, his patience was a sermon to all who saw him, and his marvellous cheerfulness was a benediction to those who came into the sweet sunshine of his presence. His humor held out to the last, and his keen relish for fun dispelled many a shadow from his sick room. He was truly a many-sided man, and during his last illness each and every side seemed to shine by turn. His wit, his humor, his loving sympathy, his keen intellectuality, his energy, his grateful appreciation of smallest favors, his bravery, his tenderness, his patriotism and his religion, all these combined to make a man of extraordinary personality and a life of widest usefulness.

He lived in the vigorous exercise of all these virtuous characteristics even after his physical frame had partially succumbed to the attack of fatal disease, and finally walked down into the valley of the shadow of death fearing no evil, knowing that he was going safely and swiftly into the rich inheritance of "the soul of a just man made perfect." His life was a heroic battle for truth, his death was a splendid triumph of grace. His trials dis-

ciplined his nature and his suffering sanctified his soul. The buoyancy of his boyhood became the earnestness of his old age, the splendor of the early man mellowed into the sweet and peaceful light of eventide, and he fell asleep in the restfulness of a clean conscience and a sustaining faith.

ACTION OF REPRESENTATIVE BODIES.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy held on February 7, 1893, at 8 P.M., the Rev. Dr. J. H. Edwards offered the following paper in view of the illness of the President, Dr. Charles F. Deems:

Resolved, That the members of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy tender their heartfelt sympathy to its honored and beloved President, in view of the bodily illness which keeps him from his accustomed place among them, as well as from his many and important labors in other relations.

The Institute takes this opportunity to express its profound sense of the invaluable service rendered to the Christian world by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, as chief founder of the Institute of Christian Philosophy and also by his voice and pen. His breadth of vision, his genial and most catholic spirit, and his practical ability, shown especially in drawing to his aid so many of the best Christian thinkers and workers, have given the Institute a character and influence recognized in many lands.

The members of this society join with the numberless friends of Dr. Deems in the earnest hope and prayer that his physical disablement may soon be removed, and that his hand and voice may long be continued in their consecrated service.

The Committee appointed by the Institute on December 5, 1893, to prepare a suitable memorial on the death of President Deems consisted of Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Dr. D. S. Gregory, and Prof. D. S. Martin. The following is the tribute presented by Dr. MacArthur in behalf of the Committee:

In the death, on November 18, 1893, of the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., we all experienced a personal bereavement. He had a large and warm place in the hearts of thousands in our

own country and in other lands, who had never seen his face, heard his voice, or grasped his hand. But especially is this statement true of those who met him frequently as members of the Institute of Christian Philosophy. His life and ministry were beautifully unique, alike in his church relations, in his varied activities, and in his noble achievements. Soon after the close of the Civil War he came to New York and organized a church composed in considerable part of the unchurched Christians from the South. The history of his relations to the late Commodore Vanderbilt and of his pastorate of the Church of the Strangers in Mercer Street is well known. His temperament, training and sympathy admirably adapted him to do the work which he performed as the pastor of this church. He united, harmonized, and solidified Christians of various religious faiths, political sympathies, and social conditions into one body, which was well organized for Christian work, and heartily unified in Christian faith.

But in addition to his church work he was identified with many philanthropic and educational enterprises. He was the founder of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, and he became its first president and held that position until the time of his lamented death. His experience in earlier years as an educator, and his various and generous sympathies, gave him special fitness for this position. While broadly sympathetic toward truth from whatever quarter it came, and by whatsoever messenger it was brought, he was sincerely and enthusiastically loyal to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He recognized the fact that this Gospel is the child and the champion of truth; he saw that there ought not to be any opposition between science and revelation; that a true science is a part of revelation; that God is one; that truth is one; that God and truth cannot contradict themselves; and that the Book of Nature, properly interpreted, must agree with the Book of Revelation, when its meaning is rightly known.

Dr. Deems was a warm friend of the poor. His genial disposition, rare social qualities, and especially his Christian love and faith, enabled him to reach out tenderly and Christianly toward men and women of all classes and conditions. He was also a man of most wonderful physical activity. He worked every Sunday of every year through long periods. He found his rest

in change of work; practically he made a broad distinction between toil and work. He believed that toil is wearisome, but that work is gladsome. He was thus enabled to accomplish during the year an amount of work which almost saddened some of his friends, while it amazed all who knew him. He was in New York to-day and almost on the other side of the continent by the middle of the week, and back again in his pulpit for the next Sunday. He preached every Sunday all summer for many consecutive seasons.

He was also widely known in the field of authorship; volume after volume came forth rapidly from his facile pen. Some of these volumes are important contributions to Christian literature; they will go on their mission blessing men and honoring God through the years to come; being dead, this devoted pastor, loving friend, broad scholar, and attractive writer will continue to speak, convincing the judgment, warming the heart, and blessing the life of his readers. His work in the cause of temperance was as hearty, unselfish and inspiring as his labors in all other departments of Christian philanthropy and patriotism; although some excellent brethren differed in judgment as to the temperance methods which he advocated, they all appreciated his sincerity and ability in the advocacy of his Prohibition views. He was an inspiration to all his younger brethren by his physical vigor, varied activity, intellectual resiliency, and spiritual consecration. Every noble man admired and loved him. He was in touch with every form of good work in every religious denomination and in every philanthropic movement.

To his wife and family we give this expression of our tender sympathy, and at the same time express to them our congratulations that the husband and father was such a man. We pray that we ourselves may follow in his footsteps as he followed the Lord Jesus, our Master and his; and that together we at last may cast our crowns at the feet of our common Lord and Saviour.

THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.

The Monthly Meeting of the Church of the Strangers held on the evening of November 29, 1893, by committee, adopted the following:

As our Heavenly Father has deemed it best to take to Him-

self our beloved pastor, Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., and while any form of words would but feebly represent the deep and abiding sense of our great bereavement; nevertheless, we desire to express, however inadequately, our grief at a loss which impresses us so keenly. A profound thinker and a pre-eminent teacher; to the world he was the gifted and eloquent preacher, but to us he was the faithful pastor and loving friend, and, like the Master he delighted to serve, he, too, was "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." His abiding trust in the guiding hand of Providence and his unswerving faith in the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was an inspiration and a consolation to all confessing Christians, especially to those of his own flock.

In him love for all men was exemplified, and to those most in need of human love and human sympathy his heart went out most tenderly and most bountifully. His unblemished life, his zealous efforts for the propagation of the truth and his unselfish devotion to every righteous cause have left an imperishable example and an unfading influence for good to all mankind.

With thankfulness to Almighty God that He has given us the great privilege of long fellowship with a character so sweetly pure, and so simply noble, the members of the Church of the Strangers, which he founded, unitedly and with loving hearts, bring this humble tribute to lay upon his tomb, and direct that this expression shall be inscribed on the Minutes of the Church and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

(Signed)

Geo. W. Clarke, President of Advisory Council; S. B. Downes, President of Board of Trustees; Robert Scott, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor; John W. Miles, Superintendent of Sunday-school; W. S. Pulver, President of the Monthly Meeting; Charles E. Davis, Secretary of the Monthly Meeting.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

In the death of the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., New York has lost one of its most honored citizens, the Christian Church throughout our land one of its most eloquent, spiritual and useful preachers, and the Congregational Club of New York and vicinity one of its most faithful and best loved members.

For twenty-eight years Dr. Deems has been a resident of New York, and in all that time his voice has always been heard on the side of truth and right; he has ever been the champion of wise reforms; his pulpit has been a throne of power whose influence has been felt in all the city, while his godly life has borne unvarying witness to the vitality and constancy of his Christian faith.

In all the years of his connection with this club no voice has been more welcome than his in its discussions, and no presence more welcome at our meetings.

We desire at this time to bear witness to our appreciation of his lofty character, great ability, singular consecration, and his great services to the Church and the nation.

He was an unselfish patriot, a tireless worker in behalf of the reunion of Christendom, a most genial and delightful companion, an urbane gentleman, and, best of all, a man of God whose chief delight was the advancement of the kingdom of God by the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We desire at this time to express our gratitude for the privilege of having had Dr. Deems so long in our membership, and to congratulate his beloved family on his splendid career and the incalculable blessing which his life has been to them, to us, and to the world. When such men go away from us death is swallowed up in victory.

Resolved, That this minute be entered on the records of this Club, and a copy of it sent to the family of Dr. Deems.

THE COUNCIL OF THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

The Council of New York University record the long and important service given by Rev. Dr. Charles Force Deems to the cause of higher education and to this university. A college graduate at eighteen, he was a professor at twenty-two, continuing for six years, and afterwards a college president for five years, in his native State of North Carolina and in Virginia. He has been for more than seventeen years a wise and helpful member of this body, and was the seventh on our roll in the order of service. He has sustained every advance movement with the spirit of a young man. He has founded a loan fund for students

in this university, which has already borne excellent fruit, and is a memorial of his generous interest in worthy young men. As founder of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, as editor and author, he has unceasingly promoted higher Christian culture.

We place upon our minutes this expression of our loss, and resolve that his name be permanently given to the loan fund as a perpetual memorial of his work among us.

Further, it is resolved that we attend in a body the funeral at noon this day, and that a copy of this action be sent to his family.

THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION CAMP-GROUND ASSOCIATION.

With a profound sense of loss we have heard of the death of Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., one of the original founders and corporate members of this association, and since the death of General Clinton B. Fisk, its president, an interested and enthusiastic supporter of the National Prohibition Park enterprise. While deeply conscious of the large vacancy left in this association, in the Christian Church in this city, and the world, by his being laid aside from his active, and various and important labors, and his removal to a higher and broader sphere, we acknowledge with thankfulness to Almighty God the richness of His beneficence to mankind, in the gift of a man of such rare and large natural endowments, of such varied and versatile attainments, of such genial and fraternal spirit, and of such eminent usefulness in his day and generation; we likewise gratefully record our appreciation of the fact that he was spared to us till he had passed more than the allotted three-score and ten years of human life; and we are thankful above all that the one aim and tendency of all his work was to make life, society, philosophy and religion more Christian and inspiring.

THE NEW YORK PREACHERS' MEETING.

Resolved, That we are greatly bereaved in the death of our much esteemed brother in the ministry, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, for so long a period pastor of the Church of the Strangers in this city, his almost imperishable monument, and partaker with us to a very large extent in every good word and work. Coming back to this city at the close of the recent war, when

distractions and divisions were abounding, he proved the bond of union for many sundered hearts and associates. Always true to the Methodist principles in which he had been trained from childhood, his mind was yet so catholic and his spirit so amiable that perhaps more than any other he became the brother to us all. A scholar and the founder and chief support of an important historical society, the eloquent herald of a glorious Gospel, and the powerful advocate of temperance, missions, the Sabbath, and of saving faith through our Lord Jesus Christ, full of the love of Christ, the love of the universal Church and of humanity. We deeply sympathize with his mourning congregation and his family, and yet we rejoice that the Gospel he preached so long was ample for the necessities of his long passage through the dark valley. We direct that the sympathies of this Preachers' Meeting be sent to his bereaved widow for the entire family, and also, to the church of which he was the founder, and for so long time the pastor.

THE PHILOTHEAN CLUB.

To-day we mourn the loss of a dear and honored member of our Brotherhood in the departure from among us of Charles F. Deems. For his noble Christian character, for all that he was to us, and was permitted to accomplish by voice and pen for his Lord and his fellow-men, we give thanks to God whose grace was conspicuous in His servant's life. We shall keenly miss his warm-hearted greeting, his quick bright humor, his clear and honest insight, his loyalty to truth, his wise and helpful judgments, his outspoken love for our common Master. His life has been an inspiration. His memory is a benediction. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" We shall cherish his memory with gratitude and love. We shall think of him with that sweet assurance with which we anticipate the reunion above of our dear ones fallen asleep in Christ. To Mrs. Deems and her children "Philo" tenders its earnest and affectionate sympathy. The Lord bless them and keep them. The Lord make His face to shine upon them and be gracious unto them. The Lord lift up His countenance upon them and give them Peace!

THE PALESTINE COMMANDERY.

The Palestine Commandery sent the following letter to Mrs. Deems :

DEAR SISTER : The fraters of your late husband desire to express their sympathy for you in these your days of bereavement. We knew him as a vigorous orator, a prolific author, an accurate scholar, a faithful Christian and a true Mason. Intimately associated as we have been with him in the past, in the work and labor of the Commandery, he has reflected in all his companionship with us the brightness of that inner life which he daily lived in the beauty of holiness. For you and yours our prayers shall ascend daily to the Father of us all that He would grant unto you the sustaining power of His grace, and the comforting influence of His holy Spirit ; that you may find the Lord Jesus Christ a present help in this your time of trouble. If any member of the Commandery can be of service to you in any capacity, you may command us. We pray that the blessing of Heaven may rest upon you, and that at last you may meet him who has gone before in that land where there is no night.

THE two classes who stand most in the way of the adjustment of the difficulties of social life are those who shout at the wealthier brother: "All thine is mine," and those who fail to say to the poorer brother: "All mine is thine." Let not the latter class forget that they are just as guilty as the former. The two most injurious, perhaps equally injurious, classes in the community are the ungenerous rich and the greedy poor. The strength and beauty of society are the considerate, charitable rich and the contented industrious poor.—*Charles F. Deems, on "Christian Communism."*

WHENCE?—A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Whence came the soft and milky corn
The lowland vales enriching ?

Whence hawthorn blossoms that adorn
Our country lanes bewitching ?

Whence the clouds that hang aloft
O'er earth their fine pavilions ?

The herds on meadows and in croft,
That feed earth's hungry millions ?

Whence came the flowers that fill the air
With fragrance born of beauty ?

And whence came all things pure and fair,
Which win men unto duty ?

Whence came the rays so swift and bright,
On sea and land so glorious ?

And that unseen imperial might,
Which makes man's will victorious ?

Whence came the father-heart in man ?
The mother-heart in woman ?

The love throughout the mystic plan,
Which makes God's children human ?

These came not blindly into birth :
All blessed things are given ;

And all delights receive their worth
From that sweet touch of heaven.

TRIBUTES FROM MANY SOURCES.

[Scores of men unite in praising the memory of the faithful pastor, the eloquent preacher, the honored president and the noble friend.]

Shortly after the death of President Deems a letter was sent to some of the men with whom he had been associated in the ministry and in various phases of Christian activity. From the many tributes received in answer to this letter, the following are selected. It is probable that in succeeding numbers of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT space may be found for further tributes.

FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., President of the Society of Christian Endeavor: My acquaintance with Dr. Deems dates back about eight years, when he was invited to deliver the sermon at one of the early Christian Endeavor Conventions at Saratoga.

His response was so ready and the sermon was so eloquent and appropriate, that he then and there captured the hearts of a multitude of young people, and during all subsequent years they have been, in an ever-widening circle, his constant admirers and affectionate friends. This circumstance was characteristic of the life of our dear friend. He was always ready to help a good cause. When others looked askance at it, and were afraid to commit themselves to anything which had not yet become popular, he, with a prophet's vision, could see the possibilities in it for good, and was willing to commit himself to its advancement. Nor was it a grudging half-way service which he rendered. He did not qualify his commendations with "ifs" and "buts" and cautions and scruples. He trusted the young people heartily, and trusted any movement which enlisted their highest spiritual faculties. He was not only generous and appreciative, but in his personal relation was an affectionate friend. Every one knew that something more than the compliments of the season were on his lips. He spoke from the heart, and not from the tongue alone. For all his friends he wore his heart upon his sleeve, and yet withal possessed so much shrewdness and practical common sense that he could not easily be deceived, or give out his affec-

tions in the wrong direction. The world is poorer to me, and I am sure to a multitude of others, because our dear friend has left it, but heaven is the richer, and now forever his generous sympathies, his loving heart and his brilliant mind will be employed in the same service he so well begun below.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, ESQ., Dr. Deems's publisher: The peculiar and intimate relations with the lamented Dr. Deems which grew out of his choice of myself as his publisher, have afforded signal opportunity to note the genuineness of his friendship and the helpfulness of his counsel. He was remarkably considerate and always kind. His cheery and affable manner ever made numerous business engagements with him occasions of real pleasure. Having access to him, by his special directions, at any hour, I found him the same indefatigable worker, unceasing in plans, unwearied in studies. I remember his helpful suggestions, and his hearty sympathy. His co-operation in plans of making CHRISTIAN THOUGHT an ever-increasing power in the realm of the world's thought will be long remembered with gratification. Dr. Deems, in a word, possessed great nobility of soul.

J. H. BASHFORD, President Ohio Wesleyan University: One evening in 1888 when I was presiding at a prayer meeting at Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, N.Y., a man of very attractive presence entered the chapel. His brief words spoken during the service indicated such a combination of the saint and the philosopher as attracted the favorable attention of every one. At the close of the service I learned that the stranger was Dr. Deems, a man whose writings had won my admiration and whose reputation as pastor of the Church of the Strangers had won my love years before. There is a striking combination of the practical tact of St. James and the saintliness of St. John in our beloved President.

JAMES TALCOTT, ESQ., New York: In the long and honored career of the Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Deems in this city, his work in connection with the Institute of Christian Philosophy will perhaps be his most enduring monument. Dr. Deems was heard to say that he considered the founding and endowment of the In-

stitute of Christian Philosophy as one of the most important events of his life. To this end he labored long and earnestly for many years, and the success which attended his endeavors gave him the keenest pleasure. Dr. Deems was a truly great preacher. A member of his congregation for many years said, "Dr. Deems at every service delivered three sermons, one in his intelligent reading of the Scriptures, one in his prayers, and one in the spoken word." But great as he was as preacher, teacher and literary worker it was the personality of the man that endeared him to us. Dr. Deems was a Christian gentleman, he was a man and it was the intense humanity of the man that endeared him to those who came into contact with him.

REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, Philadelphia: I wish to express my deep sense of gratitude to the brethren who have undertaken to arrange for this tribute to Dr. Deems. His independence of men and his allegiance to God were actually sublime. Few men of this generation have made such a permanent impress upon the institutions and upon the religious thought of the age; and few men will be more tenderly remembered by the large circle of friends who loved him with the closeness of a family relation.

MRS. JANE BANCROFT ROBINSON, Detroit: You ask me for an expression regarding the life-work of Dr. Deems. To my thought his greatest gift to the world was the joyous, helpful stimulus he imparted to those with whom he was brought in contact. Some will recall him as the magnetic, broad-hearted preacher of the Word of God, whose heart was open to all so that he named his church the Church of the Strangers, that none might feel without a home within the Church of God. Others will recall him as the graceful, versatile, thoughtful writer whose books have aided and instructed thousands of readers; while it may be that he will be longest remembered as the founder and first President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy an institution which has brought together some of the best thinkers and writers of the intellectual life in America, to use their efforts for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

Dr. Deems had a wealth of sympathy for his friends. It was

a delight for him to give of this wealth to those who were hungering and starving in the world about him. Would that his mantle might fall on other strong and noble souls, who may be just as broad, just as good, just as exalted in their ideals as was he, but who, so far, have failed of being bright and joyous spirits of life and light to those whom they meet in daily converse.

THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH, Washington. A few weeks after Dr. Deems was confined to his room, he received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, for a number of years Archdeacon of the Diocese of New York, which cheered him very much. Permission has been secured to print the letter. Dr. Mackay-Smith wrote :

DEAR FRIEND: I have not realized until very lately how ill you have been. You are very, very dear to me, and I hope you will not think me careless because I have not written before, the truth being that I have felt that you knew I loved you, and that you were so surrounded by other loving friends nearer at hand, that my voice and words were not needed.

You are resting now and waiting for the Lord to decide, but whatever the result, I know well enough that you will be content. Sometimes the thought must come to you of those you have helped by your life and work, and you may have wondered who they were who would some day stand up before the Throne and testify for you. I wish to say to you, so lovingly and gratefully, that I am one of them. You will be far in advance of me among the crowding ranks of our dear Lord's children in that day, but you will hear my voice from far away behind crying, "This one helped me along the rough, steep road, my Master."

When I ask myself how you have done it, I feel that it is because you have by your example, made me love my brethren better, and softened my heart at times when it felt hard, and cold, and narrow in its sympathies. I do not recall to whom I owe more these past ten years than to you spiritually. I am a better man because I have known you. The thought of you has aided me in hours of temptation. You have made Christ dearer to me, as to hundreds of others. When I met you I have wanted to put my arms about you and tell you this. If I outlive you, it

will always be to me a blessed memory that I have known you. Surely yours must be a happy illness, since you threw your strength in so many lives. May God spare you yet to your people, to me, to all of us.

W. HENRY GREEN, D.D., LL.D., President of Princeton Theological Seminary : I honor Dr. Deems very highly for his character and his work.

BISHOP A. N. LITTLEJOHN, of the Diocese of Long Island : I had no knowledge of Dr. Deems except through his writings published in *CHRISTIAN THOUGHT*. I learned from these to regard him as a wise, learned and able contributor to the discussion of the great questions of the day, arising from the apparent conflict, but real harmony of Science and Religion. In common with all who knew him, I mourn his death as a serious loss to the best Christian thinking of our time.

PROF. G. MACLOSKIE, of Princeton College : For many years I knew of Dr. Deems as an eminent pastor and a good friend of temperance; but our personal acquaintance was brought about a few years ago in the Congress of Christian Philosophy. It was in dealing with problems on the borderland of Science and Religion that I marked his good sense. Though himself strongly and justly conservative, he was not carried away by the common fancy that men should endeavor to restrain scientific investigation or speculation in the leading strings of their theology.

PROF. EDWARD L. CURTIS, of the Yale Divinity School : When a student in Union Seminary, I purchased at a small shop some visiting cards, and the proprietor asked me if I ever heard Dr. Deems. On my replying that I occasionally attended the Church of the Strangers he said, " Well Dr. Deems is the preacher for a poor blockhead like me. Most of them I can't understand, but I can Dr. Deems. He is the preacher for a blockhead like me." I have often thought that if there were more preachers for blockheads, not so many down town churches would have to be abandoned in the midst of the boarding-house and humble trades-people's districts.

REV. JOSEPH COOK, Boston: Dr. Deems's departure bereaves profoundly the cause of Christian Philosophy in America. He was the founder of the American Institute and its head and soul. He carried for years not only the cares of his noble Church of the Strangers, but those also of editor of CHRISTIAN THOUGHT. He was a pioneer in difficult departments of American theology and philosophy in their application to the needs of the hour and of the ages. He was enterprising and bold, but not too bold. He had the reverence of all Christian denominations and of the mass of scholars and men of letters. Eloquent, genial, heroic, devout, evangelical, biblical, but full of reverence for science, he combined qualities of both endowment and training that are not often found in a single teacher and that made his life a benediction and inspiration.

DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., Pastor Marble Collegiate Church, New York: The last time I saw Dr. Deems was just before his illness. We met on Union Square and walked up Broadway together. Our conversation was about the work of the "downtown churches." He lamented the fact that so many of these churches are following the drift of their pewholders toward the outlying parts of the city. "As for the Church of the Strangers," he said, "it has been greatly blessed, and I trust there are greater blessings in store for it. But somebody else must take hold; the veterans must make way for younger men." As we parted he expressed a desire to remain in service and die with the harness on. He was greatly beloved by his fellow ministers. I have never known a man in whom orthodoxy and liberalism were so thoroughly combined. He held to the old-fashioned truths with all his heart, yet believed that the world is broad enough to afford room for all. He was an orthodox liberal. His life was abundant in good works. His memory will be green for many years. His influence will never die.

MORGAN DIX, D.D., rector of Trinity Parish: While I had a very strong regard for Dr. Deems, I was not on intimate terms with him, very seldom saw him, and knew very little about his work, except in a general way. My respect for his memory is so great that I should not like, unfurnished as I am, to write

such a communication as you suggest for publication in *CHRISTIAN THOUGHT*.

WM. HARMAN BROWN, Treasurer of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy: No words can adequately express the power of a life like that of the Rev. Charles F. Deems. Who can tell the subtle, tremendous, far-reaching influence which he has exercised upon other lives in his own generation and that will be felt by thousands who will know him only by his writings and by the record of his faithful life? And what was the secret of his influence? Was it not his absolute, consistent devotion to the One Divine Master, who dominated his thought, his love, and his life? It has been my privilege for years to call Dr. Deems my friend, and the loved friend of my family. I have been associated with him in the work of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy for some time since its incorporation. It has been a work which has lain very close to the heart of Dr. Deems, and the excellent influence of the articles which have appeared in its mouthpiece, *CHRISTIAN THOUGHT*, can hardly be exaggerated. One of Dr. Deems's most earnest desires during these last years of his life was to have the American Institute of Christian Philosophy established upon such a firm financial basis that its permanency might be assured and its influence abiding. What more fitting tribute could friends make to his memory than "in memoriam" contributions, small or great, towards the perfecting of the work to which he had given such earnest, self-sacrificing devotion?

DANIEL W. MCWILLIAMS, ESQ., Brooklyn: Three qualities of the Rev. Dr. Deems impressed me before I had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with him: I. The versatility of his talents coupled with his diligence in using them. II. His devotional spirit. III. His personal work with individuals for the salvation of their souls. The whole world seemed to be his parish.

CHAS. D. KELLOGG, General Secretary Charity Organization Society: The cause of scientific philanthropy has lost a valuable coadjutor in the death of the Rev. Dr. Deems. His clear insight into moral principles, and his thoughtful investigations into their application in the realm of charity, rendered his judgment valuable and his co-operation most helpful. I shall greatly miss his sympathy.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT DEEMS'S SUCCESSOR.

The officers of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy met in the Pastor's study at the Church of the Strangers on December 5, 1893. The Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford was asked to preside, and he opened the meeting with prayer. The Rev. Edward M. Deems was invited to sit with the members and take part in their deliberations. On motion of the Rev. Dr. D. S. Gregory, seconded by William O. McDowell, it was

Resolved, That a committee of three, of which Dr. Bradford shall be chairman, be appointed to prepare a suitable memorial on the death of President Deems.

The name of the Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur was substituted for that of Dr. Bradford and the members of the committee as appointed were : Robert S. MacArthur, D.D., D. S. Gregory, D.D., and Prof. Daniel S. Martin.

On motion of Mr. McDowell, seconded by Dr. Gregory, it was *Resolved*, That we now proceed to elect a President.

On motion of Dr. Gregory it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to cast a ballot for Dr. Amory H. Bradford, for President.

The Secretary having cast the ballot, Dr. Bradford was declared elected to the office of President for the unexpired term.

On motion it was

Resolved, That the Board of Trustees be requested to take into consideration the matter of increasing the Endowment Fund.

THE YEARS.

The years that come to us are dumb,
Their footsteps rhythmic, low,
We hear not as they swiftly come
And yet more swiftly go.

Each brings us something we must keep,
And each doth something take ;
Thus we are changing while we sleep,
And changing while we wake.

—From "*My Septuagint*."

TRUE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Deems, not long before his death, said that he believed the poem which follows, would live longer than any other of his many writings :

A Little Letter in Rhyme

Dear friend,

The world is wide

In time and tide

And - God is guide;

Then do not hurry,

That man is best

Who does his best;

And - leaves the rest;

Then do not worry,

Yours faithfully,

Charles F. Deems